McKean County Miner.

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FOREST FIRES DO BIG DAMAGE.

They Raged Until Sunday Throughout This Section.

DAMAGE IS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

Large Amount of Oil Property, Lumber, Logs and Wood Destroyed - Few Lives Lost—Many Narrow Escapes.

Forest fires have again done terrible damage through this section of the State as well as in Michigan and other western States, and the aggregate loss will reach into many millions of dollars.

After our edition was printed last Thursday a strong wind arose and the forest fires took on alarming proportions. At 5 p. m. heavy yellow smoke settled over Smethport, so dense that the sun was entirely obscured and it looked as though the whole country was on fire. Women and children were terribly frightened and men were busy watching for flying sparks that might set their buildings on fire. Telegraph and telephone connections were broken and many wild rumors were afloat in regard to the fate of neighboring towns which are surrounded by woods.

Ormsby was considered in danger and during the late afternoon and evening nearly every woman and child of that place left the little hamlet. Every available rig was pressed into service and it was not out of the ordinary to see six or seven women and children in a single buggy. The men, as a rule, stayed at home struggling to save their homes and property.

Mt. Jewett, Hazelhurst, Kushequa, Olivedale, Ormsby, Aiken and Simpson were at different times reported to be burning, but none of the above places suffered any great damage. Had it not been for the light rain and snow Thursday night some of these would have undoubtedly been wiped off the map.

The fires were not entirely put out by this light rain and by Sunday they were again assuming alarming proportions, but Sunday afternoon a heavy rain completed the work and the danger is now over.

The loss in the county is estimated at about $600,000, most of which was to oil and gas property. The amount of lumber and wood destroyed is much less than was first estimated and perhaps $100,000 will cover it. McKean Brothers of this place lost about $3,500 worth of wood and R. W. Hilton about $1,000, and the other losses are scattered among lumbermen in such small amounts that all consider themselves lucky. Elisha K. Kane was perhaps the largest loser among the lumbermen and his loss will not reach $10,000.

The Bradford Sunday Herald says: The escape of Ralph Davis, who lived on the Simpson-Bingham tract, was remarkable. Mr. Davis lost all his rigs but one. His barn and one wing of his house was badly burned. Mr. Davis had been out fighting the fire from his rigs and when he finally succeeded in making his way back to his home he found it completely surrounded by fire. The heat was intense and his wife and three children were almost suffocated with the smoke and overcome by the heat. He took the family into the yard and threw wet blankets over their heads and carried water and kept them wet. In the meantime he fought the fire as best he could. The fire burned his barn and all his chickens, and finally the sparks set fire to the house. Mr. Davis labored hard, keeping wet the blankets that covered his family and trying to save the house. The fire burned a wing off the house and everything around it. He supposed his cow was burned but in the evening she came to the house with all her hair burned off. Mr. Davis lost practically everything he had, but is thankful his family was saved.

The fires in the Potter county forest were worse than they have been in years and the damage has been a great deal more than it was in this county. Several large camps were burned and many narrowly escaped with their lives.

Ed Hill lost his life on Ole Bull run. He was working with his team, getting out paper wood when the fires got so close that all had to leave. Hill stayed longer than the rest, trying to save his team and it is reported that he and the horses were burned. He was about 63 years of age and claimed Austin as his home.

An extra edition of the Cross Fork News, which was issued on account of the burning of Lackawanna mills, says: 'A story has been circulated that one man and two women were burned. The story cannot be substantiated."

Fires swept through nearly all the counties in this section in which there are forests, doing great damage to lumber and oil property.

Get one of those Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators and be happy. For sale at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

An Enjoyable Party.

A most enjoyable party was given last Friday evening by the members of the "Athenaeum," one of the literary societies of the High School. The eighteen young ladies who compose the membership, with their preceptress, Miss Day, and about fifty invited guests were present. The large bare halls on both floors of the school house were transformed into avenues of light and beauty by the girls, who worked like beavers after four o'clock, hanging ropes of evergreen and Japanese lanterns, placing rugs, chairs, piano, sofas, pillows and bouquets where they would be most effective and produce the "coziest corners" imaginable. A feature of the decoration was the mammoth evergreen "A" which met the eye immediately upon entering the hall. The club colors are purple and gold.

The young ladies showed the social instinct to a remarkable degree, their reception committee receiving the guests easily and gracefully, doing everything that could be expected for their comfort and entertainment.

Miss Pearl Green, president of the society, called to order and conducted the literary exercises. Miss Beatrice Day, Secretary, called the roll, to which each member responded by giving a quotation referring to the month of May.

The program was well rendered, three of the numbers deserving especial mention. They were the original story by Miss Sherer, the Prophecy by Miss Bleier and the Class Hymn sung by the Athenaeum sextet. This hymn was original and deserves to be preserved and sung by every member of the Smethport High School in the years to come. The other recitations and musical numbers were very pleasing and denoted very good taste in their selection.

After the program progressive games were played, the high prize being won by Kenneth Mayo, the low by Ben Young. The Athenaeum then served light refreshments in courses which were fully appreciated by their more than well pleased guests.

Cross Fork Mill Burned.

The big saw mill of the Lackawanna Lumber Co., located at Cross Fork, Potter county, was completely destroyed by fire at an early hour last Friday morning. Two houses with their contents were also destroyed by the fire.

How the fire started is not known. It broke out about midnight and when discovered had such a start that there was no hope of saving the mill. The firemen tried to save the lumber piled in the yards but their efforts were fruitless and 14,000,000 feet of sawed lumber was consumed. The big stave mill which was near the lumber was saved by heroic efforts. The loss is estimated at $350,000.

For a time it was thought that the whole town would be destroyed and many of the houses in the vicinity of the mill were vacated and the contents moved to other parts of the town. The mill will be rebuilt as soon as possible.

Button-Sawyer.

Miss Laura Grace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawyer of Keating township, and Mr. Ray E. Button of Olean were united in marriage on Wednesday, April 29, at Olean, the Rev. Newton L. Reed performing the ceremony.

The bride is a charming young lady who has been night operator in the Bell Telephone office in this place for the past year and has attended the Smethport High School for the past two or three terms. Mr. Button is a prosperous young carpenter and has been employed in this place most of the time for the past two years.

The happy young couple will reside in Olean, where they will be at home to their many friends in this section. The MINER, with a host of friends, extends congratulations.

To the Insane Asylum.

The county commissioners have taken three persons to the Warren insane asylum during the past week. Lee Yick, the Americanized Chinaman of Eldred, was the first to go on Saturday. Lee mixed American religion with his opium and it unbalanced his mind. Harry Sherwood, who has resided in Liberty township for many years, and a Turk who was working on the railroad near Marvindale were taken on Tuesday. Sherwood has been an imbecile for years but of late it was decided unsafe to allow him his liberty. The Turk was a raving maniac and even his name could not be learned.

Horseshoeing. Blacksmithing.

We have secured the services of Mr. F. W. Perkins, an expert horseshoer and are now prepared to give special attention to all kinds of common or special shoeing. Wagon and buggy repairs done while you wait.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Redfield carries a complete line of baseball goods. Baseballs from 5c up. Catchers' mitts for boys at 25c.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

On Wednesday, December 26, 1866, on motion of W. A. Williams, Esq., W. J. Milliken of this borough was admitted to the practice of law in the several courts of this county. Mr. Williams complimented Mr. Milliken very highly and recommended him to the court as a young man of superior ability and one that would be an honor to the profession.

Died, in Liberty township, on December 29, 1866, Alpha Dunbar, wife of J. D. Dunbar, aged 57 years.

Married, in Smethport, on December 28, 1866, by A. B. Armstrong, Esq., Mr. Wilson Burdick and Miss Almena Dickson both of Norwich township. That the newly wedded couple remember people (especially printers) in times when they are "hard up" we can well testify; and as we dangle the "greenback" in the air (being sure to keep a good hold of it) we can but exclaim, God bless them!

In Farmers Valley, on December 25, 1866, by Rev. Wm. Blake, Mr. John T. Kent and Miss Charity Otto, both of Keating township, McKean county, Pa. Accompanying the above notice was a beautiful cake and some other things sometimes denominated "stamps," for which articles the parties have our best wishes for their future prosperity and happiness. May their shadow never grow less.

Died, in Eldred December 2, 1866, Joseph Scull, Sr., aged 90 years. The deceased was one of our oldest citizens, having been a resident of the county since April, 1812.

Married, in Keating township, at the residence of the bride's father, December 31, 1866, by the Rev. Wm. Black, Mr. Frank Ormsby and Miss Helen Wright, both of Keating township, McKean county.

We have received Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Empire, an independent, political and Temperance Campaign sheet, published at Smethport, by S. Hackett, formerly of this county. Mr. Hackett has journalistic ability and we trust his good qualities will be appreciated by the citizens of Cameron county.

We are called upon this week to announce the death of P. E. Scull, Esq., one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens. He died yesterday morning (Friday, February 8, 1867) at about 7 o'clock. On Wednesday morning last about 11 o'clock he was walking near the Baptist church in this borough, when he fell to the ground, under the influence of an apoplectic fit. He was conveyed to his residence and from that moment until his death he appeared insensible. He first came to this county some forty years since as an agent of Jacob Ridgway of Philadelphia, who at that time was the owner of an immense quantity of land in this region of country. Mr. Scull first commenced operations on what is known as Bunker Hill, where he cleared up the territory known as the Bunker Hill farm. Farming proving rather an unremunerative business in this country at that early day, Mr. Scull abandoned his operations here and moved into Western New York. After a few years' residence in that region he returned to this place where he has since almost continuously resided. He was a little upwards of 70 years of age at the time of his death. He was a man of generous heart, of noble impulses and was devotedly attached to his country and her institutions. He was beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends and respected by all. His funeral will probably take place on Sunday next, the 10th inst.

A new daily stage route has been established between Smethport and Alton.

Borough Election.—As there was but one ticket in the field, there was no one to mourn over an inglorious defeat; everybody was elected. The ticket was called a union ticket, but how it came by that name we are unable to state, lest it be that it was unanimously elected. However, the officers chosen are responsible men and we expect the affairs of our borough will move along in the usual manner during the present year. The gentlemen retiring from office (if any are doing so) deserve the thanks of our people for the able manner in which they have discharged their duties. They have given us an ordinance or two which were demanded for the safety and comfort of the public, but to what extent they were enforced we are not prepared to say. We have at present passable sidewalks on Main street, the man traps of last year having mostly disappeared. It is our hope, and we believe we express the common desire of the community, that our newly elected officers will promptly enforce their ordinances in reference to sidewalks.

We are gratified to learn that our young friend, H. V. Redfield, formerly connected with this paper, has been admitted to the practice of law in the several courts of Marion county, Tennessee. Mr. Redfield passed a remarkably good examination and was complimented very highly by the committee of examination. May the young attorney have plenty of paying clients.

Death of E. O. Pelton.

Edward G. Pelton of Newerf died at the home of his son, William, in Buffalo, on Friday, May 1, 1903, after a brief illness from heart trouble. He was about 58 years of age.

The subject of the sketch was born on a farm near Farmers Valley where he resided until he came to manhood. He was united in marriage to Miss Mary Schoeneman and the result of this union was four children, namely: William Pelton of Buffalo, Charles, Miss Carolyn and Miss Katheryn of Newerf.

About twenty years ago Mr. Pelton and family moved to Newerf where they have since resided. He has always followed the lumber business, but shortly before his death had built a house in Niagara Falls, N. Y., where he was about to move. He was an active member of Crosby Tent K. O. T. M. and carried an insurance of $2,000 in that order.

Beside the four children above mentioned he is survived by his wife, three sisters, Mrs. J. L. Stanton of Kushequa, Mrs. Emma Stull and Miss Julia Pelton of Farmers Valley, and two brothers, Benjamin and George, who also reside near Farmers Valley, who will deeply mourn his demise.

The funeral services were held at the home in Newerf on Sunday, Rev. Fillmore Roulo of Colegrove assisted by Rev. Tubbs, officiating and his remains were laid at rest in the family plot on the old homestead in Farmers Valley. The funeral was under the auspices of Crosby Tent and was largely attended by friends and members of that order from Smethport and vicinity.

Unknown Man Killed.

The corpse of an unknown man was found under a trestle on the line of the B., R. & P. in the vicinity of Salamanca and Bradford Junction on Friday last. The body was that of a man aged from 30 to 35 years, apparently, and would weigh about 150 pounds. No papers were found upon the person to reveal the identity of the deceased. Two memorandum books, one bearing the business address of the Greenewald clothing house of this city, and the other similarly marked with the name of the Simons clothing house of Bradford, were found in the pockets. No writing was in either book. The black soft hat which had been worn by the deceased, contained an inscription indicating that it had been purchased at the Simons store in this city. The dead man was clad in working clothes, wearing a coat of grayish material and a pair of blue overalls. He was of light complexion, having blue eyes and a sandy moustache. The man's skull had been crushed.

It is supposed that he slipped or fell from a train, a 40-foot plunge from the trestle resulting. The body was taken in charge by Coroner Stillman and is now in the morgue at Salamanca.

Frank Strahl of this city viewed the remains yesterday, and while he remembered having seen the man in Bradford he did not know the victim's name. It is hoped that by this notice some person may be reached who will be able to identify the remains.

Mr. Strahl is inclined to believe that the man is a painter or paperhanger of this city.—Bradford Era.

Priest Accused of Murder.

Miss Agatha Reichlin was found beaten to death in her bedroom at the home of her brother, Rev. Father Reichlin, at Lorain, O., last Friday morning. The police had no clew so they brought bloodhounds and put them on the scent of the murderer. The dogs went to the room of Rev. Ferdinand Welzer, who was a guest of Father Reichlin at the time. They again took the trail and went to St. Joseph's hospital, where Rev. Welzer slept the following night.

Rev. Father Welzer was then put under arrest. He showed no excitement and protested his innocence. Rev. Father Reichlin believes his brother priest is innocent and is very much disappointed because he has been placed under arrest. The bloodhound incident is the only evidence against Rev. Welzer.

Father Ferdinand Welzer was released from custody on Tuesday and all suspicion of his having committed the horrible crime has been removed.

May Be Mafia Murder.

A dispatch from Punxsutawney dated May 3, says: Frank Carfa, an Italian miner, was stabbed through the heart at Walston by a recent arrival from Southern Italy who gave his name as Aghello Batiste. Carfa died instantly and his slayer is in jail. The manner in which the murder was committed indicates that the deed had been planned by the Mafia.

Late in the evening a quarrel arose between two factions in the settlement and Frank Carfa went to the rescue of his cousin. Just at that moment, Batiste, who was not in the fight, sprang for Carfa and struck the fatal blow. Batiste, who is 19 years old, came to Walston 10 days ago from New York. This was the third attack on Carfa within a year by the same gang.

If you want Fishing Tackle go to Holmes & Gilfillan's.

SHOOTS HER HUSBAND.

John H. Costello Shot in the Back By His Wife in Buffalo Monday

John H. Costello, capitalist, mine owner and lumber merchant, was shot in the back, but not seriously wounded, by his wife in the corridor on the fourth floor of the Prudential building, Buffalo, Monday afternoon. Both are well-known in this section and the following is gleaned from Tuesday's press dispatches.

Immediately after the shooting Mrs. Costello walked down to police headquarters and gave herself up and admitted that she had shot her husband.

The shooting is the sequel of divorce proceedings brought by Mr. Costello against his wife, and litigation, bitterly fought for several years, over the custody of the children.

Mr. Costello is one of the best known and wealthiest men in Buffalo. He has made a fortune in the lumber business in Potter county, and has extensive copper mining interests in the West. He is also interested in a number of large corporations. He is about 53 years old and at present is living at the Lenox hotel on North street.

Mrs. Costello is 45 years old and now lives on Park street.

The domestic life of the Costellos has not been of the happiest. Four or five years ago Mr. Costello instituted divorce proceedings against his wife and since that time the courts have been kept busy with their affairs. The law firm of Mullin & Mullin of Bradford were Mrs. Costello's counsel much of the time. Pending the outcome of the divorce proceedings Mrs. Costello was granted $100 a month alimony. The alimony proceedings dragged through the courts for some time, and were followed by a long fight for the custody of the three children. Costello finally won that fight and was awarded the custody of his children.

But his troubles did not end there. Mrs. Costello was not inclined to give up the children without a further struggle and about a year ago she created a scene in the Niagara hotel, where Mr. Costello was then living. She had been ordered by the court prior to that time to keep away from her family and after the scene in the Niagara hotel Mr. Costello had his wife brought before the court on contempt proceedings, charging her with disobeying the order of the court.

Justice Kenefick, who was sitting in special term at this time, reduced her alimony to $80 a month as punishment for her disobedience.

Mr. Costello gave up his home at No. 414 Elmwood avenue about a week ago and went to the Lenox. It was his intention to leave town in about three weeks, taking his family elsewhere for the summer. He had planned to be out of the city on business for almost a year to come. About a week ago Mr. Costello went to New York, returning yesterday morning. Up to the afternoon he had not seen Mrs. Costello for several weeks.

In the past few years Mrs. Costello's features have undergone a great change. Once upon a time she was a handsome woman. She is now a wreck of her former self. Her face is lined deeply, and the beauty that once graced the social affairs to which her husband was fond of taking her in their early married life is gone.

Attorney Ward, who has been retained by Mrs. Caroline Costello, who shot her husband, John Costello, at the Prudential building yesterday, ascribes a deranged mind as the prime cause of the act of his client. He states that circumstances affected the woman's mind precipitating her into such a condition that the shooting of her husband was the culmination. Surgeons at the hospital announced to-day that Mr. Costello was out of danger. His condition is improving steadily and his recovery is assured. Mrs. Costello, who is locked up at police headquarters, steadfastly refused to make a statement.

It is generally believed that Mr. Costello will not prosecute his wife for her attempt on his life.

Ships Collide in a Fog.

Two steamers, the Saginaw and Hamilton, collided in a fog off the Virginia coast early Tuesday morning and upwards of twenty people lost their lives, most of whom were colored.

The Saginaw struck the Hamilton on the port quarter and the rear portion was cut away, the crippled boat sinking almost immediately. The Hamilton stopped and sent out life boats and most of the people would have been saved had not one of the life boats been swamped.

Capt. J. S. Tunnell of the Saginaw was saved. He was badly injured about the head, had two ribs broken and was injured internally.

One trial of the famous I. X. L. Ice Cream sold at L. K. Hogarth's soda fountain will prove it superior to all others.

Cornell, Sun Proof and McDougall's white lands. Strictly pure linseed oils, turpentines, dryers, etc., at Redfield's Hardware.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Russia and Japan Will Fight.

A dispatch from Vancouver, B. C., says: According to advices by the Steamer Olympia from Yokohama, the Inominri of Tokio states that in New Chwang, Port Arthur, Talien Wan and neighboring localities a collision between Japan and Russia is considered inevitable and that the opening of hostilities is expected at any moment. The Hochi publishes the significant report that certain Japanese generals have caused a notice to be issued to the reserves to be ready for mobilizing. The Ashi says Japanese and British warships also have been dispatched to the Yalu river. The Russian troops in Manchuria have been increased by an additional force which has been sent out to the pretext of replacing other troops.

The general feeling prevailing in Japan is shown by a large number of mass meetings being held. Professor Tomidien of the Imperial University, at a largely attended Yokohoma meeting, was loudly applauded when he declared that the Manchurian problem could be solved by no other means than war. He said that despite the talk of publicists, Japanese military and naval forces were ready for the encounter. Finance was not a stumbling block and if Japan had a famine in the northwest, Russia also was troubled by failure of crops along the Amur. He held that if Japan failed to make itself felt China and Korea would throw in their lot with Russia. The Japan war office took exception to these plain statements and demanded the punishment of the professor, but nothing was done.

The news from Pekin regarding the Manchurian affair is that Prince Chung's visit to Pao Tung only resulted in an admission from the court that China could do nothing, but trust Russian promises.

A New Ballot Act.

Governor Pennypacker has signed the Fourth Ballot Reform bill and hereafter elections will be conducted under it.

There are radical changes in what change there is as does not for the better. No act that might have been done has been done, but there is a greater simplicity about the new act which is acceptable. There will be no more blanket sheets. All candidates will be grouped under the title of the office for which they are running and properly designated as to politics. The circle disappears, but in its place is a square, and a cross within will vote a straight ticket.

The ballot reformers have contended for the grouping that has been accepted, but they have opposed the circle or square. They have always wished to make straight party voting impossible by a single stroke. The act which the governor has made law by his signature is a compromise between the advocates of straight voting and the reformers. It is an advance and can be readily understood by the voter.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Another Window Glass Machine.

A mechanic, R. L. Frick by name, goes the American Window Glass Company several times better in the matter of window glass machines. He says he has a blowing machine that will do the work of 800 men. The American machine is a labor saver, but this one is too much. We would like to see the tank attachment and his method of melting. It would certainly be an interesting sight. There is one consoling thing about it. When there is an overproduction he can set the thing to make glass brick, so he says. We suppose the fellows who invest in it will find it equals the gold brick handed to visitors in large cities. In his plans of organization the promoter mentions the capital to be several millions of dollars. The machine is 1,000 feet long and turns out 15 lineal feet of window glass five feet wide every minute. This is certainly "it."—Jeannette Dispatch.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending May 2, 1903.

J. W. Hamilton, Harry Kingsley, James Lynch, John Smith, Bessie Skinner. Foreign—Miss Maria Westerling.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

My stock of fruits and green stuff is always fresh and the best, at right prices. Call in and see it or give your order over the Bell 'phone. Prompt deliveries. E. O. GASKIN.

Window Screens and Screen Doors, all sizes, made to order at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

A fine line of green stuff can always be found at Gaskin's. Leave your order with "Bob."

LUBBER LAST

By Grace H. Boutelle

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

Ever since they had come to Perkinsville De Peyster and his mother had failed to orient their respective standpoints to a mutual harmony.

To begin with, it was spring. With the delicious odor of fragrant smoke from the boughs that had banked the house assailing one's nostrils, who could resist joining the dancing silhouettes that circled the bonfire and daring one's fate by leaping across it in swaggering competition as the flames died down?

But she drew lurid pictures of his certain fate if he should repeat the offense. Blind defiance rose insurgent within him—he would go! And then all of a sudden he remembered what his father said and hung his head to think how those grave, kind eyes of his would look at him now.

"Take good care of mamma," he had said at the last. "You must be her big brother and never let her worry about you, she's so little and delicate." And then he had whispered over two or three times: "My pretty little wife—my dear little girl."

And De Peyster had tried with all his might to remember. But often it did seem as if it would have been a little easier if she could have understood that one was disgraced if one did not keep neck and neck with "the other fellows" in every prank they played.

There was a long and weary period of dooryard discipline after this episode. There were a good many times when De Peyster had to clinch his fists as tight as he could and remember his father very hard.

By and by June came, quivering with gold green sunlight, perfumed with a universal blossoming and pungent with the joy of living. At this time every true boy thrills with the half realized rapture of a call and finds the fullest expression of his ecstasy in going swimming.

Every bright morning in some part of the town there was sure to be a group of boys tossing a line their necks bobbing eagerly forward and their bodies giving anticipatory jerks and twitches as they waited for the word. When the leader said "Go!" they darted forth and there was a kaleidoscopic and dissolving view of legs racing madly down a side street that led to the river. Then collars came off, coats followed, as they ran with multiplied speed, the fellow who was farthest ahead sometimes slowing up with magnificent daring to get off his shoes and stockings while the others were still hampered by shirts and trousers, and by the time they tumbled in head long or cautiously over the bank the crumbled contact of their entire wardrobe on the grass and dotted with dirty bare the water made the fingers fumble at their shoe laces. The experienced who stopped on the bank dashed cool water over their heads and shoulders and then waded in, and by the time they were up to their knees they were ready to dive.

So it was with the startling exhilarance of the first plunge that he set his foot on the line with the rest and hurled himself forward, head up and elbows in.

The first few rods it felt like flying. His feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Then a pair of legs passed by him, and another and another. He gathered his strength and shot forward again, but another pair of legs went by, and another and another.

They were stripping off their coats; they were stripping off their shirts. He felt at his collar, wrenched it off and flung it away, to have both hands free for his coat and shirt. They were almost at the bridge now. He could see Micky Daly's white skin dazzle in the sun as he took a splendid dive ahead of the rest. His own feet were growing heavy and there was a mist before his eyes. The knot in his shoe lacing would not come untied. A savage fear seized him. If he could have cut off his foot to rid himself of the hampering shoe, he would scarcely have hesitated. You were ruled out if you went into the water with anything left on. As he struggled and perspired and agonized the two or three whom he had distanced leaped past him, and as he shook the shoe off at last and made his dive he heard the air ringing with, "Lubber last! Lubber last!" and slowly realized that it was meant for him.

He tried manfully two or three other days, but it was always the same way. His muscles were flabby from the dooryard discipline, and he could not pick up in a few weeks what the others had acquired through joyous years of summer vagabondage.

He took it quietly and good naturedly, but it went deep.

His mother found out the custom shortly and forbade him to go near the water.

As for De Peyster himself, the numbness of despair settled upon him. Now he could never learn to redeem himself, to have some day perhaps the ineffable joy of being the first in, ahead of Jimmy Spratt, ahead of Micky Daly, ahead of everybody. His career was ended before it had begun.

"But I got to not let her worry," was the rueful conclusion he always reached. And then he breathed hard and winked fast.

Jimmy was his constant friend and brought him alleviating messages from time to time, such as that the other fellers all said he had lots of sand and could do as well as the next feller if he had half a chance.

When even these encouraging remarks ceased to comfort, he gave him his own horned toad as a last desperate resort. The effect was wonderfully efficacious, but transitory.

"I'd oughter been a girl," said De Peyster many times to himself, "but I wish she didn't want to make believe I was one when I ain't."

This was the nearest to a reproach that he allowed his loyal little heart to entertain, but a baffled, mutinous look grew in his eyes as he watched his mates go off without him day after day.

In July a light epidemic of scarlet fever prevailed. The oldest inhabitants called it "walking scarlatina," the illness was so slight.

Mrs. Van Voort kept De Peyster in the house.

One day De Peyster caught it.

He aggravated it rather in the nature of a feral occurrence than otherwise, for all the boys who had had it came up to see him, and although they were not allowed to stand long, it cheered him amazingly to hear what they were doing. He beheld constantly the hope that these new delights they told of one after another would not be on the forbidden list when he was out again.

But after while he did not seem to care whether they came or not and one day when told Dirt Micky Daly waited below until Annandy. "I guess I don't care about seeing him just now. I'm sorter tired, but tell him it 'll be bully to have him come tomorrow."

But when tomorrow came no one was admitted, for he was tossing about in a weakening struggle with something he did not understand that those who watched by him realized only too well.

He heard a voice as if from very far away.

"You'd better tell him, doctor," it said. "I can't stand it to see him fight for his life like a little Trojan when it isn't any use."

The voice broke and then went on.

"He's a brave little chap, brave enough to face anything, and it isn't treating him square not to let him say goodby."

De Peyster opened his eyes. The doctor was standing over him.

"You don't have to tell me," said De Peyster, for he dimly saw that the old doctor's lips were quivering. "I guess I know."

He felt for his mother's hand.

"I'd like to hear you sing just once first mamsie," he said.

"There's a dilly song one of the fellers taught me, 'Over Wide River.' I've liked it specially much since I've worried you to have me go in swimming."

His mother sobbed out a few lines, faltered and stopped.

A look of patient disappointment came over his face.

"Never mind, mamsie, you needn't," he gasped. "I'm going to see it, you know, so it doesn't matter. Won't the cool water feel good, though? And don't you worry, mamsie. Who's afraid? Father 'll find me."

He lay quite still a moment; then he whispered:

"I would 'a' liked to try one more run with the fellers. Micky Daly was most always small. I—I—pitch sprinter. You tell him and Jimmy and the other fellers about me and the wide river. I—I—see this time. I must! I must!"

And so stood brave to find that in unknown land, the bravest of little pilgrims.

What Wearied Him.

A [illegible] and poor [illegible] what [illegible] "Alas," [illegible] "I have two [illegible] to [illegible] keep [illegible] running away, two [illegible] to manage, a self [illegible] to control, a [illegible] and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Well, well," commented his friend, "you are busy indeed." But I didn't know that you had anything to do with a menagerie. How, then, do you make that out?"

"Why," continued the old man, "listen. Two falcons are my eyes, which I must guard diligently; the two hares are my feet, which I must keep from walking in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my hands, which I must train to work, that I may provide for myself and those dependent on me as well as for a needy friend occasionally; the serpent is my tongue, which I must keep ever bridled lest it speak unseemly; the Ram is my heart, with which I have a continual fight lest evil things come out of it, and the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."

In Perfect Accord.

Some years ago there came to an American city a delightful German, Herr von Blitz, who intended to support himself by giving lessons in his native tongue. When he had been here several months and had secured a moderate number of pupils, he went one day to the mother of one of them and to her great surprise asked for her daughter's hand in marriage.

"But, my dear sir," said she, "my daughter has no fortune."

The suitor smiled upon her in an expansive generosity.

"Me, too!" said he reassuringly.

"And, although we are not rich, we have thus far been able to give her every comfort. She is indeed used to luxury."

"Me, too!" was the smiling rejoinder.

"But, Herr von Blitz, she will never be able to manage affairs."

"Me, too!" rejoiced the lover.

"And I feel obliged to tell you that my daughter has a very high temper."

"Me too! Me too!"

That was enough. The mother retired from the contest, and the professor won his suit.—Youth's Companion.

Knew All About It.

Teacher—What is the meaning of "parvenu?"

Johnny—An upstart.

Teacher—Give a sentence in which the word is used.

Johnny—When a man sits down on a bent pin, he gives a violent parvenu.—Chicago Tribune.

Precisely That.

Braggsby—I tell you I'm overworking. I am turning out an awful lot of work just now.

Nocker—That's just exactly the word your employer used in describing your present work.—Baltimore American.

THE PRINCIPLE OF REST.

A Few Practical Hints That Americans Should Consider.

The principle of rest is the principle of relaxation, a temporary cessation or suspension of energy from any part or from all of the body. Absolute rest implies the complete "letting go" of all tension, mental, nervous and physical. All are involved to some extent in every act of our daily life, nor can they be entirely separated.

Let us see what will happen if we place the body in a reclining position so comfortably arranged that absolute physical repose would seem inevitable. Then let the mind take hold of some problem and concentrate on it until all the mental energy is aroused. This energy is unconsciously communicated to the nervous system, and soon the entire physical self is in a highly tensed condition. Few people realize this until their attention is called to it. They think they must be resting when the body is inactive. It is not necessary that the body be exercising in order to be tense. A set of muscles may be nervously tense and yet be apparently motionless. This difference between a tense muscle and a muscle entirely relaxed or devitalized is what I want you to thoroughly understand, for this tense condition brought on by mental and nervous strain and often held without relaxation for hours produces greater fatigue than many forms of exercise that are more physical in evention.

Remember always that the mind is the great controlling power, and it is only when the mind becomes as nearly as possible a perfect blank that the body can rest satisfactorily. If the body would rest, the mind must rest also. In other words, "think rest," "let go" of everything mental and relax completely.—Rose Edson Helme in Pilgrim.

LEAPING POWERS OF DEER.

Fence Seven Feet High Cleared by a Jump Up a Steep Hill.

I was sitting with the stalker among the rocks on the top of the high ridge which divides the forest of Glen Quoich from Cluny. We were quietly eating our lunch when we saw three stags coming toward the marsh 1 fence a few hundred yards below us. They were not alarmed, but, as the stalker said, "moving to theirselves."

The first two, without increasing their pace, jumped clean over the high deer fence. The third struck the top wire and was thrown head over heels backward. He went away a few yards, took a run, cleared it easily and joined his companions.

Now, a story about Japanese deer. Several of them got out of a deer park on a mountain and into a large wood adjoining. We enticed them with a train of oats into a walled paddock off the deer park, having left a gap in the four feet wide for the deer to race at through the wood.

When they were safely in, a net went round and closed the gap, and we opened the large gate into the deer park, thinking we could easily move them on. Not a bit of it. Directly the leaders [illegible] they changed their mind and turned this wave [illegible] back into the wood again.

The [illegible] is seven feet high and is on very steeply sloping ground. They had to jump up hill and it seemed to me so utterly impossible that any animal could jump such a height that I went to look at the place, and there sure enough the keeper showed me the hairs of the deer on the top wire where they struck it going over, and the men said they saw one deer tumble down on landing at the other side.—Country Life.

London's Crossings.

You can cross the three most dangerous streets in Manchester on an average 3,000 times in safety, but the three thousand and first time you will be run over. If you are not, somebody else will be in your place, for the average a year never falls by more than a point or two either there or in London. But in London you can only pass the crossing at Blackfriars bridge, which is the most dangerous spot in the city, 350 times. You may be the lucky person who escapes by chance, but somebody is certain to suffer to keep the average up, counting the accidents over a space of five years up to date. Next comes the Mansion House crossing, with a 700 to one chance.—London Answers.

A Hero's Tribute.

Lincoln said of Washington:

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible; let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

Why the Editor Skipped.

An editor of a small American paper recently stated that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in the town. He promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper next month. In two weeks the circulation of his newspaper doubled. But when he gave the name of his wife he had to leave town.—Fourth Estate.

Not Worth the Trouble.

"You write your first name very well indeed, Miss Pinkie," criticised the writing teacher, "but you make a sad botch of the Johnson part of it."

"What is the difference, Mr. Spencer?" asked the pretty girl. "I expect to change the Johnson part of it some day."—Chicago Tribune.

Great Institution.

Lady—Education is a great thing.

Sandy—Indeed it is, mum. How could I ever know what day had fer free lunch if I didn't know how to read?—St. Louis Republic.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—Eliot.

Outdoor musical performances are not permitted in St. Petersburg.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

Their Life Is an Exciting One and Carries Many Responsibilities.

American visitors in Paris, Berlin or Vienna often wonder how and where correspondents do their work. The truth is a large part of their work is done at these very social gatherings where you have met them. Important news is usually there obtainable only by statesmen and diplomats, generals and admirals, leaders of thought and action, the foremost men of business and the indefatigable pioneers of great new ventures, all the men and women, in fact, who make the news and who are the fountain head of it. The correspondent will meet there. It depends on his individual exertions and on his tact and gift of persuasion what use he makes of his opportunities. Being treated as a social equal, it devolves of course on the correspondent to reciprocate favors shown, not in quantity perhaps, but at least in quality. The leading correspondents must have homes of comfort and must throw them open to the official and unofficial world at stated intervals, say three or four times per season. Their private fortunes or their incomes must be large enough to afford that. Their annual expenditures cannot be less than $5,000 and may exceed $15,000. The London Times, for instance, pays its correspondents on a liberal scale, salaries of $4,000 to $10,000 being the rule. Yet the majority of them find it necessary to make up regular deficiencies in their exchequer out of their own private funds.

The life of the American correspondent on the continent of Europe is a life interesting and fascinating enough in its way, and it broadens the mental horizon as perhaps no other occupation does. But it is a nerve destroying life, a life in which there is scarcely a minute he can call his very own. Every day in the year it spurs its slave on to utmost exertion. It barely pays expenses, and it necessitates constant outlays in time and money which cannot be put down in the expense account and which are a drain on health and purse alike. Even under the most favorable circumstances the game is hardly worth the candle. To go to bed at 2 or 3, jagged out with never ending excitement and toil; to be waked out of a sound sleep an hour later by a ring at the telephone or by inopportune cable inquiries from the home office; to dress hurriedly, take a cab to the nearest telegraph office and there wire a hasty reply; then to return and seek a few hours of fitful sleep and to rise morning after morning unrefreshed, with never repose for body and soul, all this is neither conducive to longevity nor to a quiet and contented mind.—World's Work.

Some Visual Measurements.

"When I watch a new building going up day by day from foundation to finish," said the city schoolman, "I get so muddled by the figure it is compelled that I cannot tell for the life of me whether it is fifty feet wide or 500 feet. So far as mere visual measurements go. One size varies as much in the course of consternation that confusion is responsible. When the excavation for the foundations is in order, the hole in the ground is a surprise. Now that I come to take stock of it, it covers a lot of ground. After the shell is finished and the windows in and the decorations all stuck in place the whole building swells out again prodigiously."—New York Times.

Some Foreign Coins.

The franc was formerly called livre (pound), though the connection with any special weight is not evident. The name of the German coin, mark, meaning a weight of eight ounces, was formerly in general use in Europe. The name of the Italian coin that corresponds with the franc (lira) also means pound. The coins in present use in Spain have their names from other sources.

The five peseta piece, which corresponds with the American dollar, is called escudo (shield). "Peseta," the name of the small coin representing the monetary standard, means simply "little piece." "Ruble" is from the word meaning "to cut," and was so called because originally the coin was made with an ornamental edge.

English Brass.

The composition of English brass is about seventy parts of copper and thirty of zinc. "Prince Rupert's metal" contains 75 to 80 per cent of copper and on account of its golden color is employed to some extent in jewelry.

The kind of brass called tombac contains still more copper, nearly eighty-five parts in a hundred. It is the alloy used for the manufacture of what is called Dutch metal, an imitation of gold leaf. It can be rolled into sheets, and these can be beaten out till they are only fifty-three thousandths of an inch in thickness.—Chambers' Journal.

Two Sides to It.

Wife—It's hateful of you not to give me the bonnet I want. Ah, me! If you only knew how much I have to put up with!

Husband—Huh! If you only knew how little I have to put up with, you wouldn't ask me to put up for a bonnet.—Philadelphia Press.

A Versifier.

Scribbler—Would you call yourself a poet or simply a versifier?

Scrawler—Well, when the editor lights his pipe with my stuff it's a case of verse afire.—Philadelphia Record.

Runs Itself.

"Got a talking machine at home?"

"Yes."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Nothing; married it."—London Tit-Bits.

Mosquitoes are so numerous near the coast of Borneo that the streams of that region are in summer often unnavigable.

WHEN THE SEAL DINES.

Juggling That Would Put the Human Performer to Shame.

The keeper who was going to feed the seal had reached the edge of the tank and was holding the fish tantalizingly at arm's length over the water. The seal was all interest and attention. Round and round the tank he darted, flipflapping, sidewheeling, leaping out of the water and performing all sorts of aquatic stunts, all the while keeping up his guttural yelpings. There was no question about his appetite. He was hungry and didn't much care who knew it, and his beady little eyes were all intent on the keeper's every move.

"Why don't yer throw him a feesh?" demanded a boy spectator, growing impatient at the keeper's fesorely motions.

"All right, my boy; here goes!" And, suiting the action to the word, up into the air went one of the fishes, dropping toward the center of the oval.

The seal at the time was at the extreme end of the tank, considerably beneath the surface, but even there he must have been on the alert, for hardly had the fish left the keeper's hand when swish! a lightninglike somersault, a shadowy streak through the tank, and quicker even than thought the seal's gaping, whiskered jaws and a length of his sooty looking neck were protruding from the water immediately under the fish, which disappeared into his willing maw to the accompaniment of an intensely appreciative smack.

It was all so quick and well ephemerized that the auditors stood amazed.

Without even the suspicion of a miss the performance was repeated as rapidly as the keeper could toss the fish. But the fun, fast and furious while it lasted, is soon over with, and the seal, after he had his fill immediately lost all interest in his surroundings and waddled out on to his platform and curled up for an afternoon snooze.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FIRST PICTURE BOOK.

The Daring Idea First Conceived by Johann Comenius.

Three hundred years ago a German savant had a wonderful vision. At that time children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toil on the part of teacher and of child. It seems curious that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they climb the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination not of some fond mother or gentlewoman teacher, but of a bewigged and bestilted university doctor.

It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the daring idea that children could be taught by the aid of the memory and the imagination working together, "by means," as he quaintly expressed it, "of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing those lessons upon the memory." In other words the good Herr Doctor had the brilliant idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comes to middle life his first picture book and find it the "Orbis Pictus." It can be read as well as looked at. It contains not only words but pictures representing objects in the natural world, as trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures. It is a quaint volume and one that would cause the average modern child not a little astonishment were it placed before him.

As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written the "Orbis Pictus" was an epoch making book. It is the precursor of all children's picture books, and modern childhood has great cause to bless the name of Comenius.—Household.

Spurzheim and the Students.

Spurzheim, the father of modern phrenology, while staying in Edinburgh, where he had a great vogue, was the victim of a laughable hoax. A number of medical students submitted for the opinion of the phrenologist the plaster cast of what they said was a remarkably formed human skull. As a matter of fact it was the model of a big Swedish turnip (called in the Scottish tongue "neip"), and of this Spurzheim gravely wrote out the phrenological character. A few days later the following skit appeared in the leading journal of the city:

The tide of fame to Spurzheim's name
Rolled o'er the German deep;
The tide was spring; but, fickle thing,
It now has ebbed to "neip."

Highest Cross in the World.

The highest cross in the world is said to be that which caps the loftiest peak of the Harz mountains. The cross is in reality a tower, and it commands a magnificent view of the country around. The height of the tower is 120 feet, and it stands on a mountain 1,731 feet above the sea level. A stair of 200 steps leads to the top of the cross, but there is an elevator, of which the people avail themselves who for any reason wish to avoid the long climb.

Was Man Made For Microbes?

Some contend that the earth was made for ants rather than man, since the former are so much more numerous. Others still, reading about how many million bacteria inhabit every cubic inch of air and water, are inclined to assert that the world—and man, too—was made for them. Each variety of living creature probably thinks everything made for it.—Baltimore Sun.

Two of a Kind.

"I took great pains with that pudding we had for dinner," remarked the young wife.

"And so did I, my dear," rejoined the husband as he poured out a double dose of cholera mixture.—Chicago News.

The Language of the Turf.

"Couldn't you get your money down on that race?"

"No."

"What was the trouble."

"I pronounced the name of the horse correctly and the bookmaker couldn't understand me."—Washington Star.

Spring and Summer Goods

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN MILLINERY.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,

REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING

AND

DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, - Penna.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

For a FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW

Step into the

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars and Fine Confectioneries

Always on Hand.

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy — Smethport, Pa.

Paste this in your hat.

I will sell any article of Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Stoves, Farm Implements, Tinware, etc., at cost and under. Prices below will give an idea of what I propose to do For Cash.

	Now	Were
American D. B. Axes	$ .75	$ 1.00
Mann " "	.85	1.00
Kelly " "	1.00	1.25
Champion S. E. "	.60	.75
Warren " "	.75	.90
Bissell Carpet Sweeper	2.25	2.75
Syracuse Side Hill Plow	[illegible]	11.00
Elmira Flat Land "	8.00	11.00
Hunts Cream Separator	5.00	6.00
40 Quart Milk Cans	2.00	2.50
Gas Mantles	.08	.10
" "	.12	.18
" "	.22	.25

Poultry wire and staples below competition.

Don't forget our prices on D. M. Ferry & Co's and Rice's Garden and Flower Seeds.

These goods are of first quantity and our regular stock.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 7, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bell Bros., Ceanc have a new advertisement this week.

—Underwear for warm weather is advertised by Fry & Herzog in this issue.

—A. E. Colegrove, principal of the Bradford High School, has resigned his position.

—Ye Old Folkes Concert will be held at ye towne play house next Tuesday at early candle light.

—Cameron county authorities are making it lively for some people who dynamited streams in that vicinity.

—In their new advertisement F. G. Lindholm & Co. tell of their stock of spring furnishings for homes, which should interest you.

—Miss Grace Parks, a graduate of Warner's Business College, has secured a good position as bookkeeper and stenographer at Allegany, N. Y.

—Bring your job printing to the MINER office. We are prepared to do first class work at reasonable prices. The best of material is always used in all work.

—The county commissioners have decided to refuse to pay bills for goods furnished the county or poor district unless an order from them accompanies the bill.

—The Grand Trunk Pan-American flyer ran into a crowd of 1,000 people at Detroit Sunday evening, killing six men and one woman instantly and injuring about 30 more. A number of the injured may die.

—The Invincible Fire Extinguisher was exhibited on Main street Monday evening by J. W. Reed. The experiment was very satisfactory and we understand he is very successful in his sales.

—The social given last Thursday evening by the Christian Endeavor Society was in every way a success. The program was very well carried out. The most pleasing feature of the evening was the dialects given by Lillian Lowry Hatch, who has a fine elocution voice, having studied at Chautauqua, Buffalo and other places.

—The audience was unanimous in its praise of the excellence of the performance. The company, composed of but four members, produced a program which was varied sufficiently to suit almost any taste, and as each performer was an artist in her line there was not a dull moment in the program.—Danville Sun At the Methodist church May 16th.

—Frank X. Kane has discovered a bed of mica somewhere near this city. He refuses to tell the location of his find Specimens of the mica rock have been examined by a specialist and found to be good in quality.—Williamsport News

—The St. Marys fire department put out a fire near Hall, Kaul & Co's hardware store and Hon. J. K. P. Hall gave them a check for $100. Such acts go a great way toward making good fire departments in a town where volunteers do the work.

—A Coudersport lawyer while out fishing met a young man named Eben Pierce and asked to see the contents of his basket, The young man showed him his catch and the lawyer saw one trout under 6 inches in length. Upon his return to Coudersport the lawyer caused Pierce's arrest and it cost Eben $14.90 to settle.

—The Port Allegany Reporter tells a very interesting potato story in its last issue. Mr. Laymon says that Farmer Sam Jones of Annin Creek feasted on new potatoes of his own raising on April 30, and that the editor also enjoyed a mess of the tubers. "They were almost as large as an ordinary turnip and were smooth and nice."

—It is a pretty sure sign that a town has started on a backward path when its council finds time to pass that silly ordinance known as the "curfew law." It is a direct insult to the parents and guardians of every child under 16 years of age in a town where it is passed, as it practically takes the government of their children out of their hands. It is a credit to Smethport that no one has thus far been foolish enough to start an agitation in favor of the curfew freak, and although they do not enjoy its "beneficial" influences Smethport youngsters will compare very favorably with those of any town where this relic of mediæyalism is in force.

Beautiful Homes.

The Nickel Plate Rd. is offering special round trip Homeseekers' rates to points all through the West, tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month, good return limits; also selling special one-way Colonists' tickets to Pacific Coast and intermediate points. See local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y.

Tourist Cars

via West Shore—Nickel Plate Road—are justly famous for their completeness and luxurious comfort, are positively unexcelled. Second class tickets available. Tri-weekly service. Get folder and full information from local agent, R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y.

House and lot for sale or rent. I also wish to dispose of my household goods. Mrs. Anna M. Fuller, 306 Green St.

Buy the Union Lock poultry fencing at Redfield's. The best for chicks and the easiest put up.

EXPERTS WITH THE WHIP.

One Man Could Crack Off a Snake's Head at Twenty Feet.

"That crabbed old German, Schopenhauer, who said the crack of a whip was like a drink from the bad place, would have found but little to complain of if he had postponed his passing for awhile," said a thoughtful man, "for the whip is getting to be an awful scarce article in this age. I suppose the whip will finally pass out of existence altogether unless it is put to a new use. Of course the small riding whip, the kind which jockeys use in urging the horses they ride, will be used as long as horseflesh is used.

"But the kind of whip the old German had in mind was of a larger, longer and older type, the kind the ox driver uses even now in some of the more remote sections of the world. Whips of this kind generally swing easily on the end of a long handle. Frequently the handle is eight or ten feet long and is made of hickory or some wood that is supple enough to bend in the green state. The whip itself, which is generally four and six plait rawhide, is from ten to fifteen feet in length, with a sea grass cracker on the end tightly twisted and knotted at spaces an inch apart. It is this article that makes the noise of which the old German pessimist complained, and a whip of this kind in the hands of an expert can be popped until it sounds like the crack of doom. In a quiet forest where lumber men carry on their work this noise is even fiercer than it is in the cities.

"Teamsters in the cities still use the old whip to some extent, but it is going mostly going out and the sharp crack of the sea grass is rarely heard.

"Speaking of whips, I am reminded of the marvelous accuracy some people acquire in the use of whips. I suppose the Eskimo has invented a thicker snow and of more easy use in this respect [illegible] class of men. I have [illegible] were in a saloon in [illegible] of twenty feet every [illegible] a whip. They can [illegible] and long they want to fill as [illegible] with each of the whips. I [illegible] and I have seen on [illegible] a stroke head [illegible]

APHORISMS.

He who flatters you is your enemy. Cardan.

There is no index of character so sure as the voice. Disraeli.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life. Richter.

There is an eloquence which right words will not [illegible]

Experience is [illegible] [illegible] we get [illegible] the [illegible] Spencer.

To [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Steel.

[illegible] so sweet as the [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible] his best sight than still [illegible] it. De la Pena.

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well or not enough judgment to keep silent.—La Bruyere.

It is better to suffer wrong than do it and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Samuel Johnson.

Juvenile Logic.

The logic of childhood is frequently as conclusive as it is refreshingly original. Mrs. Lee's little daughter is very [illegible] reasoning things out for herself, and one day on her return from a [illegible] party in the vicinity. Some weeks [illegible] gently to a number of little friends, and when the time came for them to go home she politely asked them if they had enjoyed themselves. All replied in the affirmative with the exception of one conscientious maid, who said frankly, "No, I didn't; I had a horrid time." "Did you really?" said the small hostess in a puzzled tone. "I don't see why. I had a lovely time; but, then," she added reflectively, "I suppose I ought to, 'cos, you see, it was my party."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Getting to the Point.

John (sheepishly)—I s'pose you'll be gittin' married some time?

Betty (with a frightened air)—Oh, I dare say I shall some time.

"I dare say I'll git married too."

"Oh."

"Tr'aps we might both git married at the same time."

"Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the person should make a mistake and marry us to each other?"

"I—I shouldn't mind."

"No; neither should I, to tell you the truth, John."

Bagpipes In Nero's Time.

Bagpipes are generally ascribed to Scotland, where they have been in use for a long time, but it was an instrument upon which the ancient Greeks and Romans played. Nero is said to have performed upon it, and an old piece of Grecian sculpture represents a player on the bagpipes dressed in the fashion that is known today as the highland costume.

A Busy Day.

Hallit—What's the matter, Klay? You look all tired out.

Klay—And no wonder. I've had a hard day of it. I don't know when I've worked so hard. I looked at the men clean up the railroad station this morning, and after that I saw three safes raised into four story windows and four loads of coal delivered in baskets.—Boston Transcript.

Her Anatomical Experience.

Teacher (of class in anatomy)—How many bones are there in a chicken?

Millie (youngest member of large family)—I can tell you how many there are in the neck. That's the only part I ever get.—Chicago Tribune.

Mistaken Identity.

"I think I have met you before. Aren't you timekeeper for the Boss & Goss company?"

"No, sir; I am a singer of topical songs and know nothing at all about keeping time."—Kansas City Journal.

When the life of Mrs. Ruff was hanging in the balance she used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was restored to health. Her experience made her the firm friend of the medicine that cured her.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has no equal in its cures of womanly disease. It establishes regularity, dries the drain that weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Five years ago when my life was hanging in the balance, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was brought to my home," writes Mrs. Caroline Ruff, Director of German Orphan's Home, residing at 339 Rowena Street, Detroit, Mich. "I took it, and, it won me back to health. Ever since that time, I have been its firm friend. We frequently have mothers come to our 'Home' who are suffering with uterine troubles, inflammation, tumors and ulcerations. Our great remedy for a female trouble is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and we have found nothing so far which would so quickly cure the disease, relieve inflammation and stop pains. It is a good friend to women."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE, Smethport, Pa.

This Week

We will capture the man who will surrender us the sum of

$10.00

for equal value in clothing which it would be cheap at $15.00 and

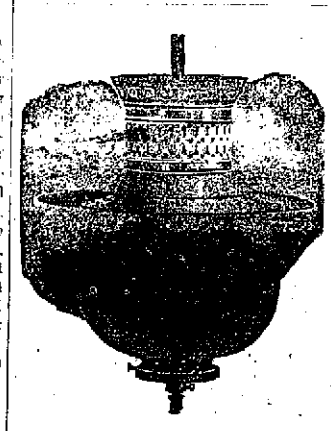
$3.50

for WALKOVER SHOES.

None better for double the price.

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Rush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

You Take No Chances.

The goods we handle represent the world's best products in each particular line. We make a hobby of quality.

Every manufacturer whose goods we handle can be relied upon. Each is the representative producer in his line. We have searched the country over and handle nothing but what we know will be perfectly satisfactory.

Every article we handle is sold under the broad guarantee that it will be strictly all right.

You can buy all your supplies from us and you can depend upon everything you buy. You take no chances with anything. No matter whether it is a pump washer or an enameled and gold bath tub you can be sure that you are getting the best washer and the best tub that can be procured for the money.

We make a specialty of

HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING

Estimates furnished on all plumbing work.

Smethport Plumbing Co..

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our best position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 7, 1903.

At the close of business at the State Treasury for April the general fund contained $10,055,204.65.

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER has vetoed the act giving railroad corporations the right of eminent domain over houses used and occupied as dwellings.

As yet no Democratic candidate for President Judge of this district has announced and it begins to look as though Judge Barton would have no opposition for this office.

"Al" Adams, the so-called "policy king" of New York is in Sing Sing for a term of 5 years. He is worth $5,000,000 and is probably the richest man in the world to serve time behind prison bars.

THE signs of the times point to Grover Cleveland for the Democratic nomination for President in 1904. Bryan is still fighting him as hard as ever but the Southern and Eastern Democracy are fast falling in line for the Hon. Grover once more.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT dedicated the St. Louis Exposition on Thursday of last week. On that day President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland spoke from the same stand. They addressed large audiences and everything was harmonious. Politics was not a factor on this day.

THE Democratic Pittsburg Post believes that "the talk of Cleveland as a Democratic Presidential candidate is the veriest nonsense." Most people believe that the talk of anybody as a Democratic candidate is a waste of time. This country has no use for another Democratic President.—Philadelphia Press.

ANOTHER of the leaders of New York's "Smart Set"—the fourth in the same family—has gone into the courts with a petition for divorce. They are a nice lot and are among the most conspicuous of those who have suddenly asked during the past six weeks, "What is the matter with Buffalo?"—Buffalo Commercial.

TWO members of the legislature who voted for the "anti-trust" bill, Lower enough to tell their constituents that they voted against the provisions of the bill and if they did not it because the lobby told them to and assured them that it was "all right." And yet, exclaims the Wilkesbarre Record, such men claim to want to make laws for six millions of free people!

PROMINENT surgeons from all parts of the United States are preparing to criticize Dr. Adolph Lorenz and his system of bloodless surgery at the annual meeting to be held in Washington next Wednesday. From all reports Dr. Lorenz has done noble work for many sufferers both rich and poor and why he and his methods should be criticised from a "scientific standpoint" is hard to understand. Perhaps it would be well for them to wait, watch and learn.

ONCE more a cowardly murder has advertised to the world the disgraceful political feuds in Kentucky. The victim this time, James B. Macrum, was shot in the back just after filing papers for the reopening of certain election cases in Breathitt county. It appears that he was a marked man, for various plots to assassinate him have been reported in the last few months. One would think that the better class of Kentuckians would put an end to those political feuds.

THE number of immigrants who have reached this country during the first nine months of the current fiscal year is so large that it is estimated for the entire year ending June 30, the total will reach 800,000. If this expectation is realized the immigration will be the heaviest in the entire history of the country. The effect of this influx of foreigners, many of them of the most undesirable classes, cannot fail to decrease the rate of wages for unskilled labor.—Kane Republican.

REPRESENTATIVE SNYDER of Schuylkill county proposes to introduce a bill to prevent lawyers from browbeating and abusing witnesses on the stand and make such actions punishable by a heavy penalty. This bill, if it becomes a law, will prevent lawyers casting reflections on the private life actions of a witness. This will take from many attorneys a much prized liberty. Many attorneys have urged Governor Pennypacker to sign the new libel bill and this muzzler for themselves is only a just reward for their selfish actions.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 4, 1903.

Other happenings in Washington have caused more stir during the past week than the published utterances of Mr. C. P. Austin, chief of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics.

He says that he has carefully analyzed the prosperity conditions and indications point towards not only a continuance of present prosperous times, but a substantial increase in the prosperity if conditions are left undisturbed. With the knowledge that the Bureau of Statistics is concerned only in giving out facts and figures which bear on the products, commerce and finances of the country, your correspondent called on Mr. Austin and found that he had not been in any way misquoted. It must be remembered that he is an expert who has made a study of conditions with their bearing on the welfare of the country, and that his conclusions are based on the most careful of calculations. "If I were the only one who had studied the question to arrive at these conclusions," he said, "I might feel that there was chance for slight doubt as to the exceedingly rosy prospects. But when I find that Secretary Wilson, through careful studies of crops and markets, makes the same deductions I am doubly sure that we are not tottering on the crest of a wave of prosperity before a plunge into the gulf of calamity, as some croakers are trying to make the country believe. On the contrary everything points to our being simply on the rise of a long, smooth ground swell which will carry us to an era of good times of which the present is only the dawn." He admitted that disturbing conditions might arise, but said that his calculations to be complete had to take cognizance of his possibilities and even with everything considered he felt that his predictions of a long period of good times was a safe one. It may be added that the American people have a reputation for knowing and holding to a good thing when they have it.

That prosperous conditions will be continued is assured by the interviews which your correspondent has obtained from prominent men from all States of the Union, who have visited Washington during the spring months. The results of his observations on the prospects of the next national election are that out of a total of 239 electoral votes necessary for a choice, the Democratic party with a "solid South," including Maryland and Delaware, which are extreme concessions, and giving them control of New York and New Jersey, an even greater concession, can count on only 213 votes. Republicans, without Roosevelt's own State and the others mentioned above, are assured of 243 votes. This leaves California, with 10 votes, in the doubtful column, and does not make predictions on Wyoming and other Western States, though the recent demonstrations in favor of Roosevelt in the West indicate that the Democrats have but little hope in that quarter. Predictions are not arguments by any means, but after a careful canvass I present the foregoing figures for what they are worth. They are at least conservative.

During the past week General Miles' report on conditions in the Philippines appeared and attracted momentary attention, and when found to contain nothing new or of any great significance became an issue which collapsed like a pricked toy balloon. The arguments of the Democratic critics, who had conducted more thorough investigations than were possible by the town to town tour of the General, made the latter's report quite tame. It will be recalled that General Miles was allowed to go to the Philippines by the War Department as a sop to his assurance that he could at once get at the cause of troubles and put an end to disaffections, which existed for the most part in the minds of the opposition to the administration. Their cause, instead of being strengthened by Miles' report, has fallen decidedly flat since he has nothing to offer which has not been thoroughly investigated before.

There is no "quiet" course of leniency and suppression being carried on the Postoffice Department investigation, but the whole situation is being gone over thoroughly, disclosing irregularities which have existed for a long time. Mr. Roosevelt is too thorough a reformer to permit the pursuit of rogues with felt slippers, and their handling with silk gloves, even if Postmaster General Payne was himself inclined to keep things under cover—which he is not. Dismissals have followed the finding of clerks on "laborers" rolls in defiance of the civil service rules, and favored "laborers" have been given the alternative of hustling mail sacks and scrubbing windows or leaving the service. The misdemeanors involving higher officials have been the subject of a long conference between the Postmaster General and Secretary Root, who left immediately after the conference for St. Louis where he presented the facts to the President in order that the latter might be acquainted with the steps taken, and advise the best course to thoroughly purge the service of existing evils. It can be stated definitely that the return of the President will bring forth even greater activity than has been already shown.

The tricky handling of the suffrage question by the Alabama Constitutional Convention, it must be admitted, has practically tied the hands of the Supreme Court, so that its decision on the disfranchisement of the negro in violation of the Federal Constitution affords no judicial remedy for the matter, as it declares that the relief for such political wrong must be political. On the whole the decision is most satisfactory. It plainly points the way and Congress has full legal power to enforce a political remedy. Under the Fourteenth Amendment it can reduce representation in states which indiscriminately disfranchises a large class of citizens. And as "each House shall be the judge of elections, returns and qualifications of its own members" the House of Representatives can inquire into the credentials of Alabama Congressmen, the registration of voters, and can seat or unseat contestants in cases where lawful voters were deprived of the right of suffrage.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

BELL BROS.

Ladies Tailor-made Suits, Silk and Cloth Jackets at ¼ less than the regular prices.

Through a fortunate purchase by our New York buyer, we are able to oger you elegantly made suits and jackets at ¼ less than the regular prices. Now is the for you to buy your spring sutfit, you will save enough by purchasing these garment to nearly buy that new spring hat. These suits are made of fine etamine, basket weaves, fancy mixtures and plain cloths. All of these jackets are lines with silk, and a good many of the better suits have a taffeta silk drop skirt. Do not let this opportunity pass. See these garments and then you will appreciate their values.

The prices on the suits are $10.00, $12.50, $15.00 and $18.00. Better values than these were never offered.

The Cloth Jackets, $10.00, $7.50, $5.00.

Silk Jackets, $10.00, $12.50, $15.00.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

Grocery Prices:

Pure Strained Honey, 12 oz. cans, 25c.

Use Gold Cross Coffee, 25c lb., and get a nice line of premiums free. Ask us for catalogue.

Onion sets 8c and 10c qt.

We have two lots of can peas which we will close out at 5c can.

One lot of can peaches at 10c can.

One lot of can Bartlett pears, 12c can.

One lot of Black Raspberries 15c can.

Few more of those 25c corsets left. Ask for your size.

Heavy Dress Goods at 33⅓ off of regular prices.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fancy Prices Trampled Underfoot.

at our store. No matter how tempted we never allow profits to exceed what is reasonable. That is why our

FOOTWEAR

is sold at such remarkably low prices. Our standard of value is regulated by ourselves. It is the highest in this town. We sell

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes

at prices which cannot be duplicated.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30 000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts

respectfully solicited

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
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RIGHT

Is the word that describes our New Clothing.

We would like to furnish your Easter Outfit—may we? There is Easter elegance all over our store. Come in and see the New Spring Ideas and you will make your selection here. We are sure

The Suit

you may choose from the many different styles and patterns. The prettiest you ever saw.

The Top Coat

you may choose from the best the trade knows anything about. Every new cut and fabric is here.

The Hat

We will show you hats of the very latest shapes and blocks. You are bound to be suited.

The Scarf

For your selection of a tie we will show you the prettiest and daintiest spring styles in town.

The Gloves

All the new colorings in spring weight. Come see.

The Terhune Union Made Shoes in latest shapes in Oxfords and high cuts. $3.50, $4.00, $5.00.

H. W. RUBIN.

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

New Spring AND Summer Patterns

We wish to call your attention to our new line of Patterns for Spring and Summer

SUITS, OVERCOATS and TROUSERS.

Nearly all are one pattern pieces and our variety this year is larger than ever before. The fit style and workmanship are absolutely guaranteed. CALL AND SEE THEM.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors
Hadwick Block. Smethport.

New Spring Hats Are Here.

Every kind you can think of. The newest and swellest styles at lowest prices. We have also the Celebrated Dunlap Hat now open. Do not forget this is the leading Hat in the United States and the best Hat in the world. Nobby Spring Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery in endless variety.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

DON'T DO A THING ABOUT FURNITURE OR CARPETS UNTIL YOU "See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY
Queen Quality Shoes.

Our STANDARD PATTERN Dept.
is replete with pictures and suggestions for New Garments.

Spring Furnishings for Homes.

MAY SALE OF CARPETS.

Imperial Velvet and Standard Body Brussels Carpets $1.00 per yd.
sewed and laid, regularly $1.35. The most interesting offering ever made.
All new designs

Art Rugs Much Reduced.
Very desirable quality in new and pretty designs, 4x3 yds, $7.50 regularly; $9.00.

Ingrain Carpets.
sewed, regularly 75c, pure wool, extra super ingrain carpet, 1 yd wide, this spring's patterns.

American Grass Matting and Rugs.
Splendid for summer use. Color—red, blue and green. 1 yd, 1½ yd and 2 yd wide.

UPHOLSTERIES AND CURTAINS.

We have a large assortment of Silkolines, Taffeta Cretonnes, Plaid and Figured Burlaps, Art Ticking, Satines and Curtain Lawns, Floor Denim.

Lace Curtains from 15c to $8.50 pair.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS.

We handle exclusively the Munnsville Plows. For flat land work we highly recommend the celebrated Oneida Valley Clipper No. 1. The Munnsville No. 14 for a side hill plow is the best, although we sell a great many of that old reliable, The Rough & Ready. These plows have been sold in this town for a number of years and have many friends all over the county who know what they are and will tell you for quality and work they have no equal. We have yet to hear of a dissatisfied user of a Munnsville Plow. Call and see them at

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 7 1903.

—St. Marys has a small-pox scare.

—Are we going to celebrate the Fourth of July?

—Attend the Old Folks Concert at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Foster Studholme of Port Allegany, on Tuesday, a daughter.

—The residence of Andrew Reilly on Franklin street is being beautified by a coat of paint.

—J. C. Hamlin has placed the Bell telephone in his hardware store. His call is "31-B."

—The street sprinkler appeared on our streets last Thursday afternoon and was very much appreciated.

—Twelve victims of small-pox are quarantined in a lumber camp a short distance of Cross Fork.

—We publish five divorce notices this week and still some people insist that marriage is not a failure.

—Mrs. Mary Jane Austin, a well-known lady of Bradford, died in that city Tuesday morning, aged 70 years.

—D. L. Forsythe is having a new steel roof put on his house on East Main street. Powell & Hyde are doing the work.

—The accounts of executors and administrators settled in the office of the register of wills will be found in this issue.

—George Brockham has accepted a position in the hardware store of J. C. Hamlin during the busy season in that busy store.

—The Bradford High School baseball team defeated the Erie High School team at Bradford last Saturday by a score of 37 to 5.

—License court convenes next Monday. It is rumored that there will be a remonstrance entered against one or two licenses in this place.

—The borough council is erecting a shed to cover the famous stone crusher in the unopened street east of the residence of F. C. Pierce.

—May was ushered in with a light fall of snow last Friday morning. That fellow who prophesied snow every month in the year may be right after all

—The painting and decorating on the court house is progressing nicely. A new steel ceiling has been put on the lobby of the court room by Powell & Hyde.

—The colored people of Smethport will give a cake walk and dance at the Lyceum Friday evening, May 16. Sutton's orchestra of Olean has been engaged and a good time is assured

—The game of ball to have been played between semi high school teams of Mt. Jewett and Smethport at Mt Jewett was postponed by the boys from the mountain top.

—"Bouquets and Wreaths" is the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. The subject for the morning is "Law and Liberty."

—We were authoritatively informed this week that Smethport will be represented on the diamond this season by an invincible aggregation of ball tossers. Let everyone boost the project.

—In a trial race on Tuesday the Columbia proved to be a faster yacht than the Reliance and unless the Reliance shows up better in future trials the Columbia may defend the cup against Shamrock III.

—The Jeannette Dispatch closed its fifteenth year last Thursday. The Dispatch is a first class weekly and under the management of our former townsman, Alf. T. Smith, it will continue to prosper.

—The Coudersport Enterprise says that Miss Mabel Davis, daughter of Mrs. John Cotter, who formerly resided at Austin, has been missing from her home in Buffalo for the past six months. The girl is about 17 years of age.

—Several pretty tough looking hoboes were prowling along Main street in a drunken condition last night who should have found lodging in the borough lockup. Usually our police are very diligent in landing these characters.

—Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Prentice of Rawson were struck by Erie passenger train No. 25, at Hinsdale last Friday afternoon and death was instantaneous, says the Olean Ledger. Mr. Prentice was 77 years of age and Mrs. Prentice 58.

—The probability of a visit next year from the Prince and Princess of Wales also from the Crown Prince of Germany and President Loubet of France, as well as from some other royal personages, will add interest to the St. Louis Fair.

—We understand that one or two of our old time baseball magnates are preparing to have a team in Smethport this year. The material is here for a winning team such as Smethport is a famous for. About all that is needed is a good, active manager.

—The store of Wamsley & Son at Griffiths near Mt. Jewett was completely destroyed by fire yesterday morning, but little of the contents being saved from the flames. The loss will reach about $2,500, with no insurance, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

—All subscribers who are in arrears for this paper should call and settle or send the money at once. It is not a pleasant task or interesting news to mention this matter so often, but by the way some people hold back it would seem that they rather enjoy reading these reminders.

—The terrible disaster in Northwest Territory, B. C., Wednesday of last week, whereby 185 persons lost their lives was not a volcanic eruption as at first supposed, but a landslide. The crest of the mountain 4,400 feet high slid across the valley filling all the intervening space and burying the inhabitants beneath it

—A party of about sixteen members of the Crosby L. O. T. M paid a fraternal visit to the Real hive Tuesday afternoon. The visitors attended the regular meeting after which they were served to an excellent lunch. The ladies returned home in the evening well pleased with their visit to their sisters of the county seat.

—Darius Heap of McKeans Switch had both bones of his left leg broken on Monday. He was skidding logs on Elisha K. Kane's job on Cole Creek when a log struck him with the above result. Dr. Ostrander reduced the fracture and Mr. Heap was removed to his home yesterday where he was made as comfortable as possible.

—A unique entertainment, for the benefit of the Travelers' Club House fund, will be given at the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, May 12. Do not miss it. A view of the costumes alone will be well worth the price of admission. Good vocal and instrumental music of a high order and novel character will be accompanied by good acting.

—In answer to the Hazelhurst woman, who wrote us in regard to getting her a medal and the premium for having a large family we can only say that the Blumle bill never became a law and therefore she cannot get the bounty. Had the Blumle bill become a law she would be entitled to $20 in money and a medal of equal value she being the mother of nine children.

—Ground has been broken for the new office building for Hon. Thos. A Morrison and Thos. H. Morrison next to the office of Hamlin & Forrest. The building will be of brick, one story and will be 24x50 feet. Judge Morrison will have his study in the rear rooms and Thos. H. Morrison will use the front rooms for his law office. When completed it will be one of the nicest offices in this section.

—Now arises a wise man who says that people who eat lettuce plentifully will not suffer from smallpox. He classes smallpox as a disease akin to scurvy and thus accounts for the prevalence of it in winter rather than summer; also declares that poor people who cannot afford luxuries such as vegetables in winter suffer; likewise sailors whose life is at sea without vegetables. Eat lettuce and be happy.

The popular Ithaca Conservatory of Music Concert Company, greatly improved this year at the musically low admission of twenty five cents reserve seats being held for those who procure tickets in advance, should attract a great number of our people to the Methodist church on the evening of May 19th. The company consists of a violinist, a reader, a soprano soloist, a contralto soloist and a ladies' quartet which will render three numbers of the program

Many men who have brush piles to burn up are careless about this matter and through their carelessness some of these serious forest fires are started. Anyone who starts fires in or near the forest is liable for the damage done besides being criminally liable. It would seem hard to punish men who really did not intend to do wrong, but unless these men are more careful about starting fires they cannot control someone will make an example by prosecuting them.

—The new Shamrock is the fastest sailing yacht ever built in England and the Reliance is the fastest ever built in America, so a lively race will be pulled off in the near future. Of course we expect the Reliance will win. Since American sportsmen won the cup from England in 1851 it has never been taken from us. The Livonia won one heat in five from the Columbia in 1851, but the Columbia was disabled. This is the only heat ever won by an English yacht.

—Rt. Rev. Cortland B. Whitehead, bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburg, confirmed a class of 14 at St. Luke's church Tuesday evening. The church was filled to the utmost and the large congregation listened very attentively to the splendid discourse delivered by the bishop to the candidates for confirmation. The singing by the choir was of its usual high order. Archdeacon Cole of Pittsburg and Rev. C. E. Knollmeyer of Port Allegany assisted in the service.

—George W. Mitchell has been appointed general superintendent of the Smethport Gas company vice A. B. Armstrong, retired. Mr. Mitchell entered upon his duties on May 1st. Mr. Armstrong has been at the head of this company ever since its organization and their success is ample proof of his ability and good management. Mr. Mitchell is a good business man and well versed in the gas business and his genial personality will make him popular both with the stockholders of the companies and their patrons.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between Elwood Gaskin and A. E. Grant, under the firm name of Gaskin & Grant, was dissolved on the 28th day of April, A. D. 1903, by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received by Elwood Gaskin, and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to and paid by him.

ELWOOD GASKIN,
A. E. GRANT.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Apply at residence of G. W. Mitchell, Smethport. 18-tf

Thoroughbred brown leghorn eggs, 15 for 30 cents. Burg Stickles, East Smethport, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Leo Digel had business in Kane yesterday.

Mrs. J. H. Sowers of Olean visited in town this week.

Chas. H Brown of Hazelhurst was a visitor in town Tuesday.

Rev. E. E. Holmes of Buffalo was a Smethport visitor this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned home last Thursday evening.

Deputy Sheriff W. B. Clarke had business in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Lulu Shearon of Bradford is the guest of Miss Marie Connolly on Water street.

Miss Anna Powell has returned from a visit to friends in Pittsburg and vicinity.

Miss Roxie Provin and William Provin, Jr., of Bolivar were visitors in town this week.

Mrs. W. I. Lewis of Coudersport was the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. H. Colegrove, over Sunday.

Elton Holden and Miss Leona Sinar of Port Allegany were the guests of friends in town Tuesday.

Ed Studholme, Alex. Clarke, B. F. Garlick and Arthur Wright drove to Port Allegany last Sunday.

Hon. T. F. Richmond and F. D. Gallup are in Philadelphia this week attending the session of the Supreme Court.

E. S. McCarty of Clearfield, formerly a well known merchant of Smethport, was in town last week renewing old friendships.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Woodljen, after visiting their aunt, Mrs. E. L. Keenan, for a few days last week, returned to their home in Philadelphia.

Port Allegany Argus Items.

James Shields has moved his family back here from Smethport.

Supt. J. E. Myers of Smethport was in town on Wednesday

Miss Theo Jordon is visiting friends at Smethport this week.

Olive Todd of Smethport was the guest of Miss Ella Rinn on Broad street this week.

Earl Best, accompanied by Miss Mayte Connolly, drove over from Smethport and spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Frank Tompkins of Smethport is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, on Mill street

Mrs. Seth Andrews of Smethport was the guest of friends here Sunday.

Contractor M. N. Allen was looking up business matters in Smethport yesterday.

Mrs. M. J. Husted, after spending some days in town, returned to her home in East Smethport on Tuesday. She was accompanied by her granddaughter Mrs. John Wilson

A Serious Fire

May be prevented by the use of The Invincible Fire Killer, which was demonstrated on Main street Monday evening and witnessed by a large number of people, who were much pleased with the results.

The following testimonials are interesting:

SMETHPORT, PA., May 5, 1903
To Whom It May Concern:
I am pleased to say that I saw a demonstration of The Invincible Fire-Killer on Main street last night and I can heartily recommend it to anyone needing a practical and effective fire extinguisher.
B. L. KNAPP, J. P., Fire Chief.

Mr. Knapp has been a fireman for fifty-five years and is still in active service.

HOLLEY, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1902.
To Whom It May Concern:
It gives me pleasure to say a good word for "The Invincible Fire-Killer." Not only from the conclusion one must draw from witnessing the exhibition on the Public Square last night, but also from actual experience in putting out a fire in my store a few days ago.
The Agent hung one up in my store on Thursday and it so happened that we had occasion to use it the next morning on a fire caused by a gasoline lamp, and we found it all that was claimed for it.
Very truly yours,
W. S. MILLENER.

Reduced Rates to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

On account of the meeting of the Master Plumbers' Association at San Francisco, Cal., May 19 to 22, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles May 11 to 17, inclusive, good to return until July 15, from all stations on its lines, at reduced rates. These tickets must be validated for return passage, for which the usual fee of fifty cents will be charged. For further particulars concerning rates, routes and conditions of tickets consult ticket agents.

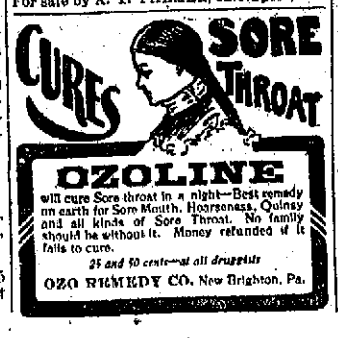
AGENTS WANTED.—$4 and $5 a day. Call at Cottage House, Smethport, after 6 any evening until 14th inst.
W. E. KUNSELMAN, Gen'l Agt.

Call up Elwood Gaskin when you want any fruit or green goods. Bell 'phone.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A PERFECT PLOW.

It was a "Le Roy Plow" that plowed that rough new land without breaking. It was a "Le Roy Plow" that plowed the hard dry ground where others failed. It was a "Le Roy Plow" that plowed that sticky clay and made work easy for man and team. It was a "Le Roy" Reversible Plow, that ploughed the steep sidehill. It is a "Le Roy" Reversible Plow that will do good work on flat land, doing away with all furrows, leaving your land level and suitable for all crops. For sale by A. T. PALMER, Smethport, Pa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SORE THROAT
OZOLINE
will cure Sore throat in a night—Best remedy on earth for Sore Mouth, Hoarseness, Quinsy and all kinds of Sore Throat. No family should be without it. Money refunded if it fails to cure.
25 and 50 cents—at all druggists
OZO REMEDY CO., New Brighton, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

UNDERWEAR
FOR WARM WEATHER.

Our summer stocks of Underwear are now ready. There's scarcely a wanted thing not included in our assortments and you will do well to make selections now while sizes are unbroken.

Ladies' Wear Men's Wear

From five cents to One Dollar a garment, the variety is complete.
We include all styles in Vests, Pants and Union Suits and in addition some very dainty garments in fancy colorings.
Per Garment, 5c to $1.00.

Here you will find a price range from Twenty-five cents to Two Dollars and fifty cents per garment with values that more than meet your expectation at every turn.
Be your wants anywhere from lightweight wool to the thinnest fish net we can please you.
Per Garment, 25c to $2.50.

FRY & HERZOG.

SHINGLES.

SHINGLES.

SHINGLES,

Three Kinds.

Also building material and lumber of every description.

J. C. Hamlin.

BOSS ROTARY WASHING MACHINE.

The only rotary washer made with a perfect cog wheel actions. No bolts or screws to lose off, though the wheel turns right or left. Pin wheel or dasher reverses automatically, turning the clothes back and forth through the hot soap suds and cleaning them without rubbing them to pieces.

This washer is made by experienced mechanics and will out last any other washer on the market. The tub has wringer box fastened with heavy steel brackets. The lid on top closes tight No escape of steam.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Banking on Paint

The practical painter says, you can "bank" on Patton's Sun-Proof Paint because it saves the cost of at least one painting every five years. The painter "banks" on it because it gives him a reputation.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

is made in exact proportions—of the most durable materials, perfectly mixed by improved machinery. It is the best spreading, longest wearing paint, and has the most brilliant and lasting colors. Guaranteed to wear for five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

MUFTAH

By... HELEN WOOD

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He sat in the blazing sun with his face bowed. His lean brown hands were folded over a decent black robe, and a faded scarf was twisted about his head. He was Muftah and the story. Every man is a story, Muftah a pitiful one. And all this was outside the upper Tangier gate by the market.

Inside the brown old gate shone the white stuccoed houses and gay bazaars. Outside the great market place of trodden earth was one mass of people and animals. The men were of every color and type, from pure blooded Moors of astonishing, classical beauty to flat nosed, grinning negroes as black as night. And a stranger medley of queerly cut robes and jilayas, of fezes, white turbans and gay scarfs, was never seen elsewhere. Most went barefoot. Only some of the older and more richly dressed had thrust their stockingless brown feet into yellow slippers.

Ugly camels lay in rows, snapping crossly at each passerby. Wild looking Arabs from the desert stalked about, each with his horse's bridle wrapped about his arm, each resplendent in many garments and scarfs, newly washed and snowy. Country women sat in groups upon the ground, displaying their fruits and vegetables. They wore large straw hats on top of their turbans to serve as sun umbrellas, and they looked like mere heaps of rags. Jostling each other with great rudeness, voluble with an oriental fluency of retort, the throng swayed back and forth. Occasionally some one rode his donkey laden with panniers among the women, and then great was the uproar. The air was full of women's shrill voices and their cackling laughter, so numerous were the shaves, purchasing for their households.

Strange that Muftah did not raise his head to gaze upon this interesting life surging just here! Perhaps it is to him now stale, to him! Perhaps he has weighed for sixty-five years, no!

A verbal slave brushes close to his side, bracelets and anklets tinkling merrily. Yet Muftah heeds this not. He is looking far, far beyond the brilliant throng, and what does he see?

A great black well that recedes and recedes to unfathomable depths and faroff hazy visions that become almost real at times, then vanish before he can truly say he sees them. Sometimes they take on the form of a low, broad tent, with a kettle swung over the fire, they are at a rude meeting, and beyond the sandy horizon red palms and strange golden fire of desert wild, birds of pink and intense purple shadows. Naked children are at play, while their mother weaves, singing as she crosses the heavy shuttles. A slave mixes coarse black cakes for the evening meal.

In the distance he sees a horseman crossing the burning sands. The horse, tossing his long mane, is young and graceful. Almost Muftah can feel the animal beneath him. The wind blows the cutting sand of the desert about them, but Muftah's turban veil protects him. His long mantle streams on the breeze. Oh, the exhilaration of that gallop over the trackless waste! And joyous, too, is the errand, for he has been made sheik!

Always the strongest and most practical of his tribe, the sultan has now married him for advancement. Little does Muftah know it is also from motives a preference as that of the vulture for the tenderest lamb. He only feels that he is to be a leader among men. He will receive the sultan's tributes, direct the wanderings of his tribe from oasis to oasis and be at ease and happy. Ten years of happiness—they seem like an hour now. Is he thirsty? Here is a cooling spring in the earthen jar. Is he hungry? They bring him cheese and bread, fresh curds and pulpy dates. In the evening the men gather in a circle and listen to the strange recital of some story teller, who half sings, half talks, an interminable Moorish tale.

Only ten years, and then there comes an obsequious messenger, desiring his presence at the court of the bashaw of Tangier, there to render more definite account of his stewardship than has been given with his regularly remitted tribute money.

His laughing children have one more ride on the beautiful Gilzar. Two slaves pack their camels with provisions for the journey and with presents of honey and almonds for the bashaw. The sheik makes his farewell speech to his friends, with the touching Moslem gesture, placing his hand upon his forehead and his heart before he shakes that of his companion to show that mind and heart are faithful. Then for the last time he looks into the lovely eyes of her who is mother of his children.

Muftah groans. The mother of his children!

Three days of burning sands, then at last the bay of Tangier, with its white town built down the sides of the cliff and almost touching the blue water—a beautiful sight when it first greets his eyes. Later he comes closer into the filth and misery infesting it.

The bashaw, a handsome, impassive figure, sits cross legged before his door, his slaves grouped about him, to receive the envoy. Graciously he accepts the proffered gifts and permits the sheik to kiss the hem of his robe in token of obedience. Then—what are these strange words of accusation, these demands for tribute unlawfully levied, money illegally hoarded? The great, simple, freeborn son of the desert is bewildered. Nor does he understand why later on he is thrust into that deadly hole, the Tangier prison, where scores of victims, some three, toil wearily all day at weaving baskets that they may have a wretched allowance of food, a mere pittance for their labor.

The sheik is unconscious of hunger. He lies silent, seeing dimly dark figures, hearing vaguely the rattle of chains, curses, imprecations, prayers.

Then the awful day when he is dragged through the hole which forms the entrance to the prison and taken before a loud, blue and turquoise, before which on a raised divan sits the arbiter of his fate, surrounded by grave men in handsome robes. Black slaves lead him forward, clad only in his loin cloth. And still he cannot understand. The tribute? He sent it, every coin! Did the bashaw desire more? Then why was he not told? Could he read the thoughts of the great? And, besides, more would not be legal and honest to his tribesmen.

Ah, the pain as they beat the soles of his feet, and then a quick vision of hard faced attendants, instruments such as he had never seen before, and then a blood red mist! And blackness! Muftah sees no more! Muftah, the sultan's prisoner, lies without the gates, a blind beggar, and the sun blazes on a thousand brilliant coloring all about him.

Every day he hears them, the yellow robed priests who climb the mosque minaret inside the gate and call for prayers. And through the mist which enshrouds him Muftah prays, not for himself, not to be freed from pain, not to have back the eyes torn from their sockets by the orders of the sultan, but only that his wife, the mother of his children, may know that he is true.

Day after day they pass him, the once handsome, dashing sheik of the desert, and none knows him nor speaks save the tourists who shudder and drop coins in his hand. But today some one pauses, some one murmurs, "Muftah, Muftah!"

And Muftah quivers like a young leaf before the breeze.

"Muftah!"

"You have come far?" he asks. And the voice from his past answers, "I come but to return."

Then Muftah, the prisoner of the sultan, pours forth his tale, not complainingly, for because it is fate, it is blessed. It is the will of Allah. All he asks is that she, the mother of his children, shall know that he was true and his name shall not be a reproach to his children.

And the tribesman passes on, and the priests in yellow robes climb to the minaret of the mosque, and Muftah renders thanks to Allah, who has heard and answered his one prayer. For the rest, it is his fate—kismet.

Scriptural Carving.

A Scriptural method of carving fowls which an ecclesiastic company was charged by a witty clergyman who, having been asked to carve one day, said "the stomach as you desired it, I will carve the fowl according to Biblical principles." "Yes," exclaimed the hostess, "not according to the Scriptures." The theologian therefore began the carving. The baron was ordered the head of the fowl, the baroness the neck, the two daughters a wing apiece and the two sons a first joint, the carver retaining the remainder.

"According to what interpretation do you make such a division?" inquired the host of his guest, as he regarded the clergyman's heaping plate and the scant portions doled out to the family.

"From an interpretation of my own," replied the clerical wit. "As the master of your house the head belongs to you by right; the baroness, being most near to you, should receive the neck, which is nearest the head; to the wings the young girls will recognize a symbol of their mobile thoughts, that fly from one desire to another; as to the young barons, the drumsticks they have received will remind them that they are responsible for supporting your house, as the legs of the capon support the bird itself."

Couldn't Raise Their Eyes.

Sir Henry Holland, the noted English physician, had his studies interrupted by a youth who wanted advice. The young man, with considerable swagger, said he proposed locating in some town as an oculist. A city in which a large number of students were located was preferred. "There," he continued, "I could have unlimited opportunities of treating the eyes of cogitations scholars."

Sir Holland was reluctant to have a community's eyes endangered because of his indorsement of a doubtful practitioner. He thought a few moments and then advised the ambitious oculist to locate in a small town near Liverpool, stating that a large school was located there.

The young man thanked the doctor. In a few days he reached the suggested field for his experiments. The large buildings in the distance indicated a magnificent school and splendid opportunities.

He investigated and collapsed. The school was one for the hopelessly blind.

Identified.

In many parts of England, and especially in the villages of the Black country, it is quite a common thing for a man to be known so exclusively by a nickname that his real name is forgotten. A gentleman had occasion once to ask a potter for the whereabouts of a certain John Williams.

"John Williams?" repeated the man thoughtfully, knitting his brows. "I have heard tell of it. John Williams—it is familiar. I say, sir," he exclaimed, as if seized by a sudden inspiration, "do he be married?"

"That's so," was the reply.

"And hez three of a family?"

"I believe so."

"Well, sir, I'm John Williams."—London Globe.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

HUMAN PANTOMIME.

Certain Gestures Absolutely Identified With Certain Feelings.

Certain gestures are absolutely identified with certain feelings. To shake one's fist is to threaten; to hold up one's finger is to warn. To indicate thought we place the tips of the fingers on the forehead, to show concentrated attention we apply the whole hand. To call the hands is everywhere a sign of joy, and to clap them a sign of enthusiasm. It would be easy to multiply examples. Affirmation, negation, repulsion are all indicated by motions that every one understands. It is the same, in quite as great a degree, with nationalities, in spite of the original diversity of the races that make them up. The mimetic character results at once from race, from history and from climate.

The gesture of the Englishman is fierce and harsh. He speaks briefly, brusquely. He is cold, positive, forceful. His salutation is cold and accentuated, but his handshake is loyal. The gesture of Germany is heavy, good humored and always ungraceful. Many of the Slav people are unwilling to look one in the face, and they have a false gesture. The Spaniard and the Portuguese, although dwelling in a southern land, gesticulate little. Their language is rhythmic, slow, solemn; they are grave; their salutation is a little theatrical. The Italian is lively, mobile, intelligent, gay. His language is harmonious, sonorous, warm and luminous, like his country's sky. The salutation of the Italian is quick and full of feeling, his gesture colored and exaggerated.—London Answers.

The Coffee Cup in Persia.

The expression "to give a cup of coffee" has in Persia a somewhat ominous significance. This is due to the fact that the coffee cup is one recognized medium for conveying poison. Some years ago the governor of Aspadana, having long been at daggers drawn with the chief of a powerful mountain tribe, determined in this way to put an end to all trouble. He professed to entertain a great degree of friendship and esteem for the chief (although he had invited him to visit him at his palace). The chief unsuspiciously came, accompanied by his three young sons. For a week they were royally entertained. But at last one morning when the chief came to pay his host's presence he was coldly received and an attendant soon stepped forward with a single cup of coffee in his hand, which he offered to the guest. The latter could not fail to understand that he was doomed. Preferring, however, steel to poison, he declined the cup and was thereupon, at a signal from his host, stabbed to death.

When Men Were Branded.

A curious relic of the cruel times, probably the only one to England still stands at Lancaster castle. It is a strong iron headpiece, into which the prisoner who, in old days, was condemned to be branded as a malefactor had his hand thrust and locked. The branding iron, after being made red hot at the end, was pressed against the "brawne of the thumb," and on being withdrawn the letter M branded on the unfortunate prisoner's flesh indicated from henceforward that he was a manslayer. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the judge and jury and in open court, and the branded invariably turned to the judge after he had done his work and exclaimed, "A fair mark, my lord!" It is 300 years since the instrument was last used on two men sentenced to imprisonment for manslaughter.

East Indian Monkeys.

A naturalist who has traveled in the East Indies says: "The effect on the monkeys of man's appearance is most interesting. The expression of their emotions is certainly almost human as they sit and stare at him, coughing and snarling with anger and contempt, drawing back their heads and throwing the hand before the face with a gesture of abhorrence and other movements indicative of shocked and outraged feelings. But predominant is the expression of absolute horror, which, coming from those we consider our still degraded cousins, is to our superiority very aggravating."

Analysis of a Tear.

The chief element in the composition of a tear is water, but with water are associated minute proportions of salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucus, and when seen under the microscope a tear after evaporation looks like a very small fish bone, owing to the saltnes forming themselves into lengthened cross lines.

Perfect Work Assured.

Fuddy—Come, now, what would you propose to bring about an ideal state of things?

Duddy—Nothing easier, my friend. I'd just put everybody at work upon somebody else's job, and then of course every kind of work would be done perfectly.—Boston Transcript.

Light Work.

"My brother Jakey's got a new job."

"Where's he working?"

"Down to the electric light plant."

"Picking currents off the wires?"

"Yes. How did you guess? He says he likes the job. It's such light work."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

To Avoid Confusion.

The Stranger—And so you are named George Washington, the same as our distinguished president?

The Colored Porter—Yaas, suh; but I has a different birfday, suh.—Brooklyn Life.

Some people are like a river. The only way they can attract attention is by going on a rampage.—Atchison Globe.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

New Guinea Swamp Dwellers.

Recently the British government published an interesting report on the apelike swamp dwellers of New Guinea. This strange race of human beings has dwelt in the swamps from times which antedate the oldest native traditions, and it is evidently on the highroad to becoming a distinct variety of animal. The swamp dwellers have lost three inches in stature and, while retaining muscular arms and a robust trunk, have short and slender legs. Walking always in water or on moist ground, they have feet with long, fragile looking toes, which they place on the ground "like wooden feet." Walking on hard ground makes their feet bleed, and, unlike the ordinary natives, whose skin is everywhere tight and smooth, the outline of their loins is obscured by folds of skin. "More apelike than any human being that I have seen," is the concluding criticism of the British administrator. It is probable of course that this effort of nature to create a new species of amphibious human being with fat swimming and wading feet and degenerate physique will be defeated by civilizing agencies. Fifty years hence the last recognizable specimens of this queer race will perhaps have incased their paddle feet in boots. Perhaps their women will be wearing high heeled shoes. But the record of their existence is interesting.

The Ram Feast.

In Morocco the strange season of the Mohammedan new year, beginning March 9, is generally called "Aid-el-Hauweia," the ram feast. The people of Morocco pay more elaborate attention to the item of sacrifice than any other Moslems. In every town a supreme offering of a ram or he goat takes place at the door of the principal mosque. Immediately after it is struck by the official imam in presence of the multitude it is flung on the shoulders of a stalwart Moor, who, exerting his utmost strength, runs like a deer through the narrow streets, pursued by a rabble. The poor animal is pelted with stones by boys and is jeered at with execrations from every house, as it is reputed to be carrying the sins of the people. The man who along with his burden till he reaches the door of the caid's palace. If the animal is still breathing, the augury is excellent for good luck to be expected all through the year. But if the ram is dead all sorts of evil prognostications are instituted.

The Charitable Americans.

The Americans are looked upon by the peoples of Europe as the most wasteful persons in the world, and they do spend their money with a freedom unknown elsewhere because they have the money to spend. But with all their apparent carelessness there is no country in the world not in Europe or any in which the humane device so much to the welfare of the unfortunate and the wretched. The practice has become a habit and is looked upon rightly enough as an obligation. No one can free himself from it. Every one has a neighbor somewhere and he will not fulfill his obligation merely by denying himself of some luxury or pleasure unless the self denial benefits his unfortunate neighbor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Happiness.

Happiness? Sooth to say, it does not exist, or, rather, destiny serves it out to us in fractions, in small doses, homeopathically. Happiness is made up of baths. In the rough road stages of life, so long and yet so short, there are furtive moments when we sit down by the wayside and would gladly stop there, go no farther, sleep a little on the good earth which will one day embrace us. And immediately the march, march, of Bossuet rings out and urges us on. A halt? Why? Up and on, quick; we must hark forward; life continues. We rise and take up our burden again. Marche! Marche!—Jules Claretie.

National Longevity.

Of European nations the Norwegian and Swedish are the longest lived, the Spaniards the shortest. According to a foreign statistical return recently issued the average duration of life is as follows: Sweden and Norway, 50 years; England 45 years and 3 months; Belgium, 44 years and 11 months; Switzerland, 44 years and 4 months; France 43 years and 6 months; Austria, 39 years and 8 months; Prussia and Italy, 39 years; Bavaria, 38 years, and Spain, 35 years and 4 months.

He Was Mad.

A German who recently landed in this city was attacked upon the street and bitten by a vicious dog. A few bystanders rushed to the man's assistance, who was apparently more frightened than injured, and asked if the dog was mad. The German exclaimed: "Vot! De dog mad? Vy he be mad? 'Tis me vot is mad!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Belief Was Mutual.

"Young man," said the professor as he grabbed a frisky junior by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."

"I believe he has," was the quick reply.—Exchange.

His Credentials.

Employer—Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you will fill the bill?

Applicant—Well, I just finished lickin' nineteen other applicants out in de hall.—St. Louis Star.

Much More Sensible.

"Jack, dear, when you are gone, I shall pine away."

"Don't pine away. Spruce up."—Life.

The first life insurance society was started in London in 1698 and another in 1700. Neither was successful.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W F SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies

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Attorney General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

COUNTY AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Chas. E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—B. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodcr.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Verdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—F. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 488, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. Hall. W. F. work January degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

Wm. F. Sessions, N. G.
W. C. HOLCOMB, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Silver Creek Encampment, No. [illegible] meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. L. SAGENDORPH, C. P.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 142, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keeps Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent No. 0 meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. L. M.—Pearl Rose No. 48 meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Tuesday afternoons.

MRS. E. FULLER, Com.
LIZZIE E. HOOVER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 32, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. Myrtle I. Buyer, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvis, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days.....10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days.....7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days.....9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days.....2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 4:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:15 a. m.; week days, 11:15 a. m. Sundays, Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Vestibuled buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Reliable to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays Dutlois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:00 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 7:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect Jan 9, 1902.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily, except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points eastward west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penna. R. R. for points east and west.

10:45 a. m.—Train 10 Kane, Bradford and Upper Cobalt points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

1 p. m.—Daily, except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford and Cobalt.

4:00 p. m.—Daily, except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points eastward west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penna. R. R. for points east and west.

Arr. Lv.

8:00	10:45	a. m.		1:00	4:00
8:30	11:15		Bradford	12:30	3:30
8:45	11:30		Lv.	12:15	3:15
9:21	12:06		Hutchins	11:39	2:39
9:30	12:15		Kinzua Jct.	11:30	2:30
9:42	12:27		Davis	11:18	2:18
9:53	12:37		Simpson	11:08	2:08
10:05	12:49		Ormsby	10:56	1:56
10:08	12:52		Summit	10:53	1:53
10:15	12:59		Cobalt	10:46	1:46
10:20	1:04		Lucinda	10:41	1:41
10:30	1:14		Ludlow	10:31	1:31
10:45	1:30		Kane	10:15	1:15
11:00	1:45		Mt. Jewett	10:00	1:00
11:15	2:00		Smethport	9:45	12:45

Sundays.

8:00	10:45	a. m.		1:00	4:00
8:30	11:15		Bradford	12:30	3:30
8:45	11:30		Lv.	12:15	3:15
9:28	12:13		Thomas Valley	11:32	2:32
9:40	12:25		Lafayette	11:20	2:20
9:55	12:40		Lucinda	11:05	2:05
10:00	12:45		Ludlow	11:00	2:00
10:15	1:00		Kane	10:45	1:45
10:30	1:15		Mt. Jewett	10:30	1:30
10:45	1:30		Smethport	10:15	1:15

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar.	Dp	Lv Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses		7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Colwell		7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter		6	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Pelgate		7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June		7.35	2.45	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield		7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold		7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond		7.50	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Sevey Eng's		8.04	3.10	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinke		8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersp't		0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.29
0	0	12.13	Hammond		0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.33
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman		0	6.36	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Works		0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.03	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

c—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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SUSAN or KEZIAH?

By LAWRENCE PERRY

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Judge Tunis Crane put the last shutter over the front window of his store, flung the bar across and snapped the padlock. Then he turned and gazed thoughtfully along the turnpike to where a single light glimmered through a grove of cherry trees. The judge always became sentimental at this hour of the evening. As a matter of fact he was in love and, what is more, admitted it to himself. This takes rare courage sometimes, but it takes even rarer courage under certain conditions to admit it to any one else. That was what bothered Judge Crane.

The judge was not much over fifty years old. His store, the only town store, yielded good profits. He was a bachelor, not a widower; was well preserved, a former judge in the town court and always a deacon. Oh, no; he was not ashamed of his personal assets. The trouble was that he was not quite sure with whom he was in love. There were two of them, two maiden sisters, Susan Appleby and Keziah Appleby. Both of them appealed to Judge Crane in one way or another, and for ten years he had been trying to decide which one appealed to him the more. But thus far his efforts had yielded him little satisfaction.

He paced thoughtfully up and down the porch, with his hands locked under his coattails. He closed his eyes, and the picture of Keziah drifted slowly across his mind. It was in church that he loved her most. He could see her now in her pew just in front of his. Her shoulders did not come very far above the high back seat, and a few curls straggled from under the black bonnet. One eye was hazel, the other a watery blue, and her hands were folded demurely in her lap. She wore a black waist cut down a little at the throat and edged with lavender silk and lace, and she had a humorous little simper at the corners of her mouth. On Sundays the simper was allowed to fade, but the telltale lines remained.

There was no nonsense about Susan tall, straight, angular, her head perked up straight on her head like a grenadier, like oak and a steeple, tight shut mouth. She could say things, and she got up dinners, socables and missionary [illegible]. Judge Crane sighed.

A few minutes later he unclasped his hands and transferred them gleefully to the armholes of his vest. He had come to a decision. He would consult a third party. But whom? There were two he had in mind, Zebulon, the brother, and Matilda, the oldest sister, a widow. All in all, he thought Zebulon would be the better of the two. Yes, he would go to his old friend and confess all. He would secure information as to the qualities of both from the standpoint of one who had spent his life with them, and he would also make inquiry as to which one would most likely award his suit with a favorable answer.

"Hello, judge!" It was Zebulon himself who stumped up the steps and sat down at the top with a grunt. "Nice evenin'."

"Hello, Zeb—um—yes, a tol'able evenin'. How air ye?" And the judge seated himself beside the prospective adjuster of his destiny.

"About as well as a man kin be with a passel of women folks about him all the time," grumbled Zebulon, filling his pipe.

"What's the matter of 'em?" queried the judge, apparently unconcerned.

"Matter?" snorted Zebulon. "Matter? Why, everything's the matter. Ef it ain't one thing it's another. sewin' societies, housecleanin', visitin', church, prayer meetin', entertainin' the parson an' talk, talk, talk, nothin' but talkin' from sunrise to supper. Bah! Women is well enough in their places, but three on 'em is too derned much. Two on 'em old maids too! Why don't Providence send some one to marry 'em? It ain't right, it's ag'in natur', for one man to be pestered so."

"Um—waal, that is kind o' bad, Zeb. I'm sorry they've riled ye, because I was jest a-goin' to ask yer honest opinion which one to pick out. I'm a-goin' to git married if I kin." And Judge Crane blew his nose vigorously.

"Arrump! Huh!" Zebulon sat up. The judge sat with his jaws tight shut and his eyes stared fixedly into the road. Zebulon snorted again and regained his self control. Had heaven smiled on him at last? Had he said too much? He knew whom he wished married. Keziah would do, but Susan was the one to whose wedding he would dance all the way. He recalled her masterly ways, her trenchant tongue. Was it to be stilled for him by the bonds of matrimony? He turned to the judge.

"Waal," he said, drawing his handkerchief across his eyes, "I kin talk an' growl, but when the pinch comes, jedge, I don't see how I kin live without 'em. Keziah is good, jedge, but Susan, she is the one for ye. I know. She wants to git married. She said herself 'twould soften her, although Lord knows she don't need it. She's good an' kind an' lovin', an' she's got a good strong mind—a good strong mind. Yas, sir; I recommend Susan," concluded Zebulon.

"Well," said the judge, "ye ought to know, Zeb. Wants to get married, does she? Waal, she would 'a' been long ago had I not been afeared to ask her. I'm scared yet, Zeb, to tell the truth. What I want is the ice broken, eh?"

Zebulon was too overjoyed to stop at anything which might strengthen the judge in his quest. He actually offered to take the judge to his sister, state the case and then leave the two alone. For reply the judge rose decidedly to his feet. "Come," he said.

So they trudged along the road together, Zebulon quietly radiant, the judge stern and determined.

Ten minutes later they entered the Appleby house. A raucous, twangy voice came from the parlor.

"She's in there," whispered Zebulon, and he pushed open the door and entered with his hand reaching back holding the skirt of the judge's coat.

Both were there, Keziah and Susan. "How d'e do, jedge?" they exclaimed, rising. But the judge made reply by pushing Zebulon forward.

"Susan," said Zebulon, flushing guiltily. He knew Susan could see right through him. "Susan," he repeated, "ah ahem. The jedge here—well—all"—

"Well, ah what?" exclaimed Susan, with sharp impatient inflection.

"The jedge," repeated Zebulon weakly, "waal, I brung him here—O Lor'!" and Zebulon dashed for the door. He stopped at the sill and, pointing at the judge, added, "The jedge, Sue, there he is!" Then he disappeared.

The judge was frozen into a dignified statue. He could see now that it was Susan, but he dared not. Suddenly he thought of Matilda. Ah, she would break the ice for him. Matilda! His face flushed.

"Ladies," he said in sepulchral tones, "will ye kindly inform yer widowed sister Matilda that I desire to see her? Alone," he added.

The sisters swept out of the room, confident that Zebulon and the judge had suddenly gone crazy. Then Matilda entered. She proffered her hand in welcome, and the judge seized it as a drowning man grasps at a straw. He held on. Here at least was something tangible.

And then—well, Susan was not half so tangible. Matilda!

Ten minutes later Zebulon peeked into the parlor. The judge was very close to Matilda, and he was holding her hands. Everything was very still.

"Well, I'll be derned!" said Zebulon.

Brindle an Extinct Color.

"Time was when no farm was complete unless there was a brindle steer in the lot and no home was what it should be unless you could find a brindle dog in the yard," said a man from the country. "At the time when I was growing up the boy who didn't have a brindle dog to chase rabbits and hunt coons with was simply not in the race with the other fellows of the country side, and the man who didn't have a brindle steer among his lot well, he wasn't in it either. Brindle steers and brindle dogs were a part and parcel of the countryman's outfit. Now we rarely find these creatures at the country home. What has become of the brindle steer and the brindle dog? Steam and electricity may have crowded the steer out of the business to some extent, but there are still steers abroad in the land, and they are toiling as of old, pulling wagons, dragging logs and doing other useful things. But they are not brindle steers. As for the brindle dog, steam and electricity and other things of this sort could have had no possible connection with his disappearance, but he has disappeared just the same. I do not know why it is, but he has gone, gone with the brindle steer, and I would like to know just why it is that those old friends of the country boy are counted among the things that are no more, and perhaps forever." New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Alcohol in Bread.

"You could get drunk on fresh bread if you could eat enough of it at one time," said a chemist to a woman customer.

"I don't believe it," the woman answered.

"And yet it is a fact," the chemist pursued. "It used to be thought that the alcohol which bread in its fermenting generated all passed out in the baking, but Thomas Bolas, a distinguished scientist, proved that bread after it is ready for eating still contains alcohol. I myself analyzed the other day twelve loaves of fresh bread and found that they contained on the average alcohol in the proportion of .314 per cent. When, therefore, you have eaten 100 pounds of bread, you have consumed five ounces of alcohol. That is quite as much alcohol as you would get in a pint of whisky.

"You, madam, eat, I fancy, about 350 pounds of bread a year. That is 3,500 pounds in ten years. In those 3,500 pounds there are 175 ounces of alcohol, which is the same as seventeen quarts of whisky. Think of it! Every ten years you consume seventeen quarts of whisky with your bread!"

"I don't believe it," said the woman.—Philadelphia Record.

Lunacy and Genius.

"Is there any sure test by which a fool can be distinguished from a wise man?" asked a pupil of Esquirol, the well known specialist, and the latter replied by inviting him to take breakfast with him the following morning. When he arrived, the pupil found two other guests, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently well educated, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely self confident.

After breakfast the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with Esquirol he said to him: "The problem is very easy after all. That quiet, well dressed man is certainly distinguished in some line, whereas the other is undoubtedly a lunatic and ought to be locked up."

"You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol, with a smile. "That quiet, well dressed man, who seems to talk so rationally, has for years labored under the delusion that he is God the Father, whereas the other man, whose exuberance and self confidence have surprised you, is M. Honore de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

AN ODD SUPERSTITION.

The Devil Hunting Cure For a Mad Dog Bite in Tunis.

A woman, having been bitten by a mad dog, was subjected to a native cure in the market place at Tunis. She was placed in the center of a circle of her husband's male relatives, who, led by a native witch doctor, danced around her, yelling and screaming.

When the woman began to show signs of fear, the devil hunters commenced to yelp like dogs, and the noise was so grotesque that the woman speedily lost her sense and ran at her tormentors, echoing their dogBike cries and trying to bite them. They scattered in all directions, and when some time later the husband sought the aid of the gendarmes to trace the woman her body was found at the bottom of a well.

Subsequently, says the Westminster Gazette, the husband also disappeared, and his body was found in the same well. It is said that the devil hunters, having induced the woman to drown herself in the well, threw the man in when they found he had rallied in the aid of the gendarmes. Had they not done so, they would, they believed, have become possessed of the devil they drove out of the woman.

Billington's Sea.

Two or three miles back of Plymouth, Mass., is a modest little pond called Billington's sea. Billington an adventurous pilgrim, had climbed a tree and, looking westward, had caught sight of the shimmering water. He looked at it with a wise surmise, and then the conviction flashed upon him that he had discovered the goal of hardy mariners, the great south sea. That was a great moment for Billington.

Of course the Spaniards were more fortunate in their geographical position. It turned out that it was the Pacific that they saw from their peak of Darien, while Billington's sea does not grow on acquaintance.

But my heart goes out to Billington. He also was a discoverer, according to his lights. He belonged to a hardy breed and could scare up new seas with the best of them. It was not his fault that the Pacific was not there. If it had been [illegible] would have discovered it. Well [illegible] perfectly well that the Pacific does not lave the shores of Plymouth county, and so we should not [illegible] the woods on a fine morning to look for it. There is where Billington had the advantage of us.—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

Squaring the Circle.

The origin of the term squaring the circle is almost lost in the mists of antiquity, but there is a record of an attempted quadrature in Egypt 500 years before the exodus of the Jews. There is also a claim, according to Rome, that the problem was solved by a discovery of Hippocrates, the geometrician of Chios and the physician 500 B. C. Now, the efforts of Hippocrates were devoted toward converting a circle into a crescent, but he had found that the area of a figure produced by drawing two perpendicular radii in a circle is exactly equal to the triangle formed by the line of junction. This is the famous theorem of the "Lunes of Hippocrates" and is, like glauber's salts out of the philosopher's stone, an example of the useful results which sometimes follow a search for the unattainable.

The Origin of the Mastiff.

Mastiff is a term applied to a very large and powerful species of the canine family, and there is considerable conflict of opinion regarding the origin of the word. Some claim that it is derived from the Italian mastino or the French mastin, both of which signify large limbed.

This word, they say, was gradually corrupted into masty, a Lincolnshire expression meaning very large, muscular or big, until it gradually assumed its present form. Others again say its true origin is the old German masten, to fatten, because the mastiff is a large dog and so seems better fed than any other.

A Lincoln Story.

The spirit in which Lincoln joined in his famous debate with Douglas is best illustrated by an anecdote which Leonard Swett related to Augustus C. Buell. "I believe, Abe, you can beat Douglas for the senate. You can carry the legislature if you make the best use of your opportunity," said Mr. Swett to Lincoln on the eve of the first debate. "No, Len, I can't beat him for the senate, but I'll make him beat himself for the presidency."—Leslie's Weekly.

Inconsistent.

"Here, you!" cried big Mrs. Cassidy. "Sthroike or no sthroike, Oi'll not hov ye standin' round doin' nothin'."

"Well, oh, well," meekly protested little Cassidy, "'tis the most onraisonin' woman ye are. Last wake ye told me if Oi didn't behave meself ye'd make me stand round, an' now that Oi'm doin' it ye're kickin'."—Philadelphia Press.

His Idea.

Hundtswill—It seems that in all railroad accidents the first and last cars are always the ones that are injured.

O'Rourke—Shure, an' I wonder why they don't lave thim two cars off the thrain entoirely!

How They Are Kept.

Miss De Style—He said I was a little flower; that he intended to keep me.

Miss Gunbusta—I noticed him pressing you.—Smart Set.

Following the plan that it is unhealthful to eat while cross, how many meals a day would you miss? Wives, would your husbands starve to death?—Atchison Globe.

A BRIDAL TRIP

By Henry Lyle

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The Nephi stage carried no outside passengers. Inside it accommodated four comfortably and six uncomfortably. Consequently every one interested in any particular trip of the Nephi stage hoped that the number of passengers would be limited to four.

At Millstown, the half way station, the grinning face of the hostler was thrust through the stage window, and the four passengers already inside groaned. They knew the sign.

"Two passengers, gents. Kindly get t'gether," the hostler announced.

The stage door was flung open. A woman was a rarity along the Nephi stage line and a bride unheard of, yet the first passenger to be ceremoniously thrust into their midst was very evidently a bride. Had all other signs failed, which they did not, there were several kernels of rice sticking to the back of her veil. The tall, thin, spindle shanked young man who followed her was just as evidently a bridegroom. Their clothing and manners proclaimed them of the east and brand new.

The bridegroom carried a suit case, which he pushed to one side after settling his bride as comfortably as the middle seat permitted. Then he lifted his knees between the passengers in front of him and looked solicitously at his veiled bride. "Tired, dearie?" he asked.

"Just a little, darling," she answered, touching his shoulder lightly with hers. "Wasn't it just lovely the way we got away from them?" she continued. "I thought once they would really find out where we were going. Wouldn't it have been terrible? But you were such a darling, you!"

There was a suppressed snicker behind them. One of the passengers facing them gulped and crammed his mouth full of tobacco. "Chaw, pardner?" he asked, extending the package to his seat companion, the fat storekeeper of Alkali City.

The man shook his head. "Hear 'bout th' holdup las' week?" he asked, winking hard.

"Naw. Yeou don't mean t' say there's been er holdup in these here days, do yeou?"

"Turrible! One man kilt an' thirty thousan' dollars took," the storekeeper answered, covertly watching the bridal couple.

"Oh, darling!" exclaimed the bride. "Why did we come to this awful place? Take me back—can't you, darling?"

The bridegroom shook his head. "Don't be afraid, dearie. I'm with you." His voice sounded weak and tremulous.

One of the men behind him laughed, and the bridegroom flushed deeply and made a reply which was ignominiously jumbled by the rapid lurching of the stage, which at that moment entered the rougher sections of the road.

The sharp report of a pistol startled the jostled passengers and brought the stage to a stop with a suddenness which jerked the bride into the arms of the storekeeper.

The smoking muzzle of a revolver was thrust through the window, and a voice exclaimed: "Hands up. Step out, gents!"

No one hesitated. One after the other, with hands well up, the passengers alighted and stood in line along the roadside. The bride came last, and the robber hesitated, astonished, as she stepped down.

"Excuse me, miss," he exclaimed, lifting his hat before he felt about the men's clothes for weapons. "Sorry t' disturb yeou, but business is business.

"Now, Tom," he continued, addressing the driver, "my pardner," motioning to a second robber who stood holding the horses' heads, "will keep yeou covered while I look inter things."

The driver laughed. "I'm afeared yeou're goin' t' be disappointed this trip, Black John. S'far as I know, there ain't no treasure in this load."

The bride gave a faint cry, staggered and toppled over into the arms of the bridegroom, which, regardless of orders, came down to receive her.

The robber swore. "Keep yeour hands up!" he cried, swinging around and covering the line with his revolver. "Let th' tenderfoot look after th' gal. She's only fainted."

He had pulled several pieces out of the stage when an unusual movement behind him caused him to turn his head. He looked directly into the muzzle of a forty-four, held by the bride.

"I've got you dead to rights, Black John," a low voice whispered. "No noise or I'll let loose."

The bridegroom held a similar weapon at the other robber, who, unconscious of the slight change in affairs, was twitting the driver. "Now, Billy, drop your gun!" the bridegroom called.

The man made an offensive movement. There was a flash, a sharp report, and the shattered revolver dropped from the robber's hand.

"Hands way up, Billy, or it'll be you next time!" the bridegroom commanded as he walked over and relieved the robber of his other gun. "Now, you fellows, Black John and Billy, get up on the leaders blame quick. No parleying!"

Black John glanced at the bride.

"Come," she said. "Get along. My husband says you've got to ride a leader."

The bridegroom swung himself on one of the pole horses while the bride stood in the roadway and held his gun.

After he had mounted she lifted the suit case out of the stage, handed it to the driver and then climbed up on the box beside him.

The driver frowned. "Yeou yeou ain't goin'"— he began, but the situation was too novel for him, and he subsided into astonished silence as the bride turned her veiled face toward him and suggested that her husband wanted him to drive on. He cracked his whip, and the stage started.

Progress was slow, and the stage was so late in getting to Alkali City that the entire population was lined up in front of the Palace hotel in anticipation of something out of the ordinary. Their expectations were more than realized when the stage drew up before the door.

The bridegroom glanced over the upturned faces. "Is Mr. Green in the crowd?" he asked.

A round faced, excited little man stepped out of the crowd.

"Give him the case, dearie," called the groom without taking his eyes off the robbers. "Your cash is all O. K., Mr. Green."

"Is the sheriff in the crowd?"

"That's me, stranger," answered a young giant.

"Come around and get Black John and Billy Rice, sheriff. They haven't any guns, but they have got legs, so I'll keep 'em covered till you're ready. All right?"

"Yep!" replied the sheriff.

The bridegroom swung himself to the ground. "Come, dearie," he said gently, holding up his hands.

The bride climbed down from her seat and turned with him to face the crowd.

"Gentlemen," said the groom, removing his hat, "my name's Archie Dunning, and this is my wife. We're on our wedding tour, but I had to let in a little business to please the company. Is there any outfit in this town where we can put up? My wife's tired. She held up Black John."

He laughed heartily, and, taking a huge revolver which the bride held, he tossed it in the air and caught it. "Here, sheriff," he cried; "catch. She did it with that."

The sheriff caught the revolver, pointed it over the heads of the crowd and pulled the trigger. The hammer snapped.

The crowd roared riotously and rushed into the bar to drink the bride's health, but the sheriff shook his head and laid a detaining hand on the bridegroom's shoulder.

"Archie," he said quite soberly, "for the best messenger in the state you did er blame fool trick. Sposin' Black John hadn't er got caught jes' so. He'd been all day with you an' the gal."

"I know it, sheriff, but she made no promise. She's got plenty of sand about some things, but she's skittish about handling a gun unless it's empty." Then he dropped his voice to a whisper. "But that's nothing compared to the chances we took of going crazy acting like Jacksnipes so's those four mummies of passengers would think we were tenderfeet."

Drinking Toast.

The bit of toasted bread that was deemed such an important ingredient in many an old time drink was considered a morsel of honor and fell to the one whose turn came last to sip from the contents of cup.

In Cromwell's time, so we read, a favorite toast of the cavaliers was to put a crumb of bread in the glass and before they drank to say, "God send this crum well down."

The very name toast calls up a host of anecdotes that have been the very essence of many a convivial scene.

The well known one of the accomplished Judge Story at a dinner in honor of Everett's appointment as ambassador to the court of St. James is especially graceful.

"Genius sure to be welcomed where Everett goes."

The next response to this was:

"Law, equity and jurisprudence—no efforts can raise them above one Story."

Alphonse Karr, one of the dalntiest of writers, once gave a toast at a dinner of physicians by proposing "the health to the sick."

Some Odd Spelling.

Americans, says the London News, employ the word "Britisher," which they invented, in a contemptuous sense. It was a certain Philadelphia wit who is said to have asked his friends what a "Britisher" would mean to convey by the written word "ghoughphtheighteenu." He had to explain to them that, according to the genius of the English language, it meant "potato. Thus: Gh—p, as in "hiccough;" ough—o, as in "dough;" phth—t, as in "phthisis;" eigh—a, as in "neighbor;" tte—t, as in "gazette," and eau—o, as in "beau." This was at least as puzzling as the livery stable keeper's bill which contained the two items:

Asafada
Atncinonimomgin.

Nobody who does not "know the answer" has ever yet arrived at the solution, which is, in the vernacular of the creditor himself, "A 'oss 'alf a day" and "A-takin' on 'im 'one ag'in."

These Children.

And there was a certain man who, being a merchant with a trade to look after, was a member of the church, in fact an elder therein.

One day he invited his pastor home to dinner, and while they sat in the parlor waiting for the call to table he began to tell of a brother elder's misconduct and grievous sin.

"I only tell you this because you are the pastor, and I think you ought to know it. I never mention it to any one else."

And he repeated this several times during the recital. As it was about completed in came his little daughter. Catching the subject of the conversation, she broke in with this exclamation:

"My goodness, pa! You're surely not telling that old story again!"—Kansas City Independent.

Strange Animal Friendship.

Pathetic instances are told of strange friendships between animals in captivity. A curious incident occurred in New Orleans some years ago when a bear was lowered into the cage of an old African lion. The keepers supposed it would be torn to pieces and many people assembled to see the barbarous exhibition. The bear at once assumed the offensive and rushed at the lion, but, to the amazement of the onlookers, the lion, hitherto regarded as extremely savage and dangerous, placed his paw upon the bear's head as if to express his pity and tried to make friends with him.

Taking the bear under his protection, the lion suffered no one to approach the cage and did not sleep until he was exhausted, so closely did he watch over his new friend. He even allowed him to share his food.

The two animals would lie down side by side, the lion usually with a protective paw over the bear. His delight in companionship was manifested unmistakably, and his captors were humane enough to let the two share the same cage.—Kansas City Independent.

Powdering the Hair.

In 1795 the mayor of Yarmouth, England, issued the following proclamation: "Owing to the present enormous price of corn and the alarming apprehension of a scarcity in that most necessary article, many towns throughout the kingdom have set the laudable example of leaving off for a time the custom of wearing powder in their hair, by which means a great quantity of wheat must infallibly be saved to the nation, and if the price be not reduced it may at least be prevented from increasing. We, therefore, the mayor, justices and principal inhabitants of Great Yarmouth, do recommend the example as worthy imitation, and we flatter ourselves the military will not hesitate to adopt it, being fully convinced that appearances are at all times to be sacrificed to the public weal, and that in doing this they will really do good."

Four Great Musicians.

Palestrina was a revolutionist in his day, but is now virtually obsolete even for the severest classicists. Gluck was as radical an innovator as Wagner, yet it is only occasionally and with difficulty that one of his works can now be briefly resuscitated. Beethoven was a madman even to many of the best musicians as late as 1905, when, as that musical veteran, Professor Haupt, himself said, the "Fifth Symphony" was rehearsed in Berlin for the first time, and the orchestra dashed the music from the racks, declaring it was crazy and could never be played. Now this same "Fifth Symphony" is considered a model of form, and its composer is the cherished idol of conservatives and classicists.

Fifty For Western Nations.

The Chinese enjoy the greatest liberty. The laws of the western nation are too numerous and too severe. Instances of their bondage may be given. All the children in the country are bound to attend school at a certain age. When an author wants to print a book he has to ask for a copyright. Before a man can start a newspaper he must apply for a certificate from his government sanctioning him to do so. There are fixed regulations governing all companies and firms. All marriages must be reported to a certain department for registration. Thus there is no liberty between husband and wife.—Peking Sin Pao.

Miniature Trees.

The Japanese art of making miniature landscapes and gardens consists chiefly in starving the plant so as to retard the circulation of its sap or life giving juices. Furguson, who was one among the first of English adventurers to visit China and Japan, mentions the fact that he saw at Canton "a boxe about the bigness of a kidyes snuffe box, which did not containe 8, littyl dirt and sixteen tiny littyl trees, foure of which were in full blow, the whole boxe, trees and all so small that a man could put them in his mouth together."

Transcaucasia.

Transcaucasia grows almost every known grain in the world. The forests of the Caucasian mountain range produce saffron, madder, oak, walnut and boxwood lumber, while apples, pears and grapes grow wild in these forests to such an extent that they are exported in large quantities. The wine of Caucasia is also exported, and the cotton of the country is second only to that of Egypt.

Gold and Silver Beetles.

The most remarkable gold beetles in the world are found in Central America. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the appearance of that metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region looks like solid silver freshly burnished.

His Dearest.

Wife—Do you love me as much as ever?

Husband—I reckon so.

Wife—Will I always be the dearest thing in the world to you?

Husband—I am sure you will unless the landlord raises the rent.

How She Felt.

"How do you feel after your ordeal?" asked the fair divorcee's friend as they came down the courthouse steps.

"Feel?" repeated she, with a gurgle of triumph. "I feel completely unmanned!"—Houston Post.

The question of who founded Rome isn't half so interesting as the identity of the gentleman who made her howl.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

GOING TO THE CIRCUS

By CASPAR DEAN

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Aunt Sarah Bebee, after whose father Bebee's Corners had been named, was a widow past fifty the day a sporty looking man drove up to her farmhouse in a fancy rig and wanted to arrange with her to cover the front of her barn with circus pictures.

"Why, bless your heart, I never went to a circus in all my life!" she exclaimed in reply.

"But you are not too old to begin," he suggested. "Let me put the pictures up and I'll leave you ten tickets of admission. You can go and take all your friends."

"Land o' massy, but you don't know Bebee's Corners! Everybody around here is a Methodist or Baptist or Presbyterian—everybody but me and they won't even attend camp meeting if lemonade is to be sold on the grounds. I don't exactly know what my religion is, but if I went to a circus nobody would ever speak to me again."

The circus man wanted his bills on that barn, and he argued and reasoned for half an hour. He saw that Aunt Sarah was an independent character and that if he could get her started she'd be ready to defy public opinion. The result was that she finally said:

"Well, go ahead with your pictures. I never saw an elephant or lion or tiger in my life, and I'll go and see the menagerie part anyhow. There'll be an awful row around here, and folks will think that Satan has got hold of me, but I'll have to stand it."

The pictures were hardly up when Deacon Danforth happened along the highway and saw them. He turned pale and trembled. Not in twenty years before had a barn on the Red Mill road been thus defiled. When he had recovered a little from the shock, he walked to the house and confronted the widow. For the first fifteen minutes the conversation was devoted to Satan, Judas, Lot's wife, Judas Iscariot and other interesting subjects. But it gradually tapered off to hyenas, boa constrictors and alligators, and the deacon was almost smiling when he left the house.

Next day Deacon Bigwell saw those pictures as he sat in his buggy behind his old white horse. The horse saw them before he did and stopped so suddenly that the deacon was pitched against the dashboard. For a long minute the good old man thought his eyes deceived him, but the true state of affairs finally dawned upon him, and he groaned and sighed and drove up to the widow's gate.

"Widder Bebee, have you sold your livin' soul to Satan?" was his greeting, and then the fur flew. It was nearly an hour before he left the house, but he wasn't sighing and groaning as he went. On the contrary, he looked rather cheerful, and he called back from the gate:

"Yes, I 'spose there'll be camels there with two humps, maybe with three, and they'll be worth lookin' at."

There was one more deacon in the neighborhood, Deacon Burton. He was driving to town to get a pitchfork mended and was humming the air of "I Want to Be an Angel" when the colored posters suddenly confronted him. There were short skirted, long legged damsels poised on barebacked horses or jumping through paper covered hoops. He stood and gazed and felt cold chills go up his back. He drove on to the farmhouse, half expecting to find the Widow Bebee trying to turn handsprings over a kitchen chair.

"I wouldn't 'a' believed it, Widder—I wouldn't 'a' believed it!" he began as he entered the house. "It's the awfulest thing I ever heard of, and you know I've been to Chicago twice and seen some awful things."

The widow had a reply ready. It began with hyenas and worked up to elephants, taking in lions, tigers, grizzly bears and sea lions as it rose upward. She talked so earnestly and well that when Deacon Burton was ready to go he reluctantly admitted:

"No, I don't 'spose it's any more harm to look at a lion than to look at a woodchuck if you don't git mad and rip and swear over it."

There were others besides the deacons. There was old Mrs. Gaynor, for instance. She wasn't exactly a zealot, but she never took a dozen eggs to market without asking Heaven to bless them and make the price 14 cents a dozen. She wasn't a bigot, but she contended that her own brand of religion was the only one to be saved by. She wasn't narrow minded, but when she heard of those circus posters she went down to see Aunt Sarah and to say:

"I've just stepped in a minit to say that if you go to that circus I can't never let you enter my doors ag'in."

Aunt Sarah started in to argue, but old Mrs. Gaynor was on her guard against the wiles of Satan and wouldn't wait for further talk.

The day of the circus arrived, and the widow drove into Medina to attend it. For some reason not to be explained a dozen farmers around her had business in town that day and made an early start—some of them before daylight. Some of them also lingered and drove home after dark.

It was all over the neighborhood that Aunt Sarah defied public opinion, and it was old Mrs. Gaynor who determined to bring her to book. She went about it in malevolence. She got up what she called a quilting bee and asked the three deacons and their wives and three or four others, and at a proper hour Aunt Sarah was sent for to be crushed. She arrived, and when asked if she had anything to say she very calmly replied:

"I didn't intend to see nuthin' but the animals, but when I got in there Satan beckoned me into the circus tent, and I went. The jokes of the clown tickled me almost to death. That's all I've got to say."

"Deacon Danforth, what do you think of such conduct?" asked Mrs. Gaynor, as she folded her arms and rolled up her eyes.

Nuth'n, 'cept that I sat just behind Aunt Sarah and was tickled, too," he replied.

"And you, Deacon Bidwell?"

"Waal, the hosses was wonderfully trained wonderfully. I can't scarcely make out how they do it."

"And you, Deacon Burton? You ain't goin' to tell me you was there too?"

"I got kind of tired lookin' at the two hump camels, and as one ticket admitted to all I went into the circus part," admitted the deacon.

"And where did you all git tickets?" demanded the accuser as a sudden thought flashed across her mind.

"Aunt Sarah gave us deadheads!" answered the three deacons in chorus.

"And left me out, when she knew I was jest dyin' to see the whole thing! Well, now, you can all go home without any supper, and if I ever speak to one of you ag'in I hope to fall dead on my own doorstep!"

Higher Education.

Those who plead the cause of Latin and Greek in our higher education should remember that colleges were first founded in the early middle ages to teach the classics to prospective priests, for use in reading rituals. Greek in the east and Latin in the west, at a time when these languages were obsolescent in speech and yet contained all the literature, philosophy, poetry and such science as the world of Europe knew, and the modern tongues, just coming into use in Europe, north and south, had in them neither literature nor other elements of learning. Colleges so begun became the fashion. Every college man was a classical man, and naturally then, as now, a man would feel that his own college culture was the right one. It soon became a common saying that the only education worthy of the name was Greek and Latin. But now modern languages are very rich in every form of literature and learning, everything from the classics has been often emptied into them by better masters than the average student can fairly hope to be, losing some and also gaining some in the translation from languages which few scholars even ever learn to read and to enjoy, while a wealth of scientific knowledge of the boundless world, which to know is the real learning, has sprung up in many modern tongues.—Worcester Gazette.

Surprising the Doctor.

Scottish shrewdness is occasionally outmatched by Irish wit. The land of people who inhabit a certain little island in the Atlantic off the coast of Ireland enjoy so much health and so little wealth that there is a doctor on the island, but one cannot imagine a greater joke than to be brought to bear upon a native village with a hope of success.

On one occasion some islanders were called to summon the doctor from the mainland, and he came to inquire into the case. As the case was urgent it involved the services of another practitioner. This gentleman was a Scot, with the proverbial caution of his race, and he declined to visit the stricken village unless he received his fee in golden sovereigns in advance.

There was no help for it and the money was paid. The physician went to the island and attended to the case. But when he inquired for a boat to take him away he found that not a boatman on the island would ferry him back again for any less consideration than £2, paid in advance.

The doctor had to part with the money and to admit that he had been beaten at his own game.

"Diogenes the Wise."

With all his faults, the old philosopher of Athens was often called Diogenes the Wise. Whether his wisdom was really so great as to deserve that title may be doubted, but his worst faults seem to have been good qualities carried to excess. In opposing too much luxury he cut himself off from the comforts of life in his desperate to make life simple he lost sight of its gentilities; he was saving at the expense of neatness, truthful at the cost of courtesy and plain spoken even to rudeness. One would say that he was coarse grained by nature, but he showed signs of tenderness and even refinement, which proved that the grain was not entirely coarse and which makes us wonder at an age that could produce two men so wise and yet so different as Diogenes, the rude, "walking philosopher" of his time, and Plato, the polished and aristocratic gentleman.—St. Nicholas.

Got in His Whole Name.

A Genoa paper tells this delightful story at America's expense: When the Duke of Veragua, the descendant of Christopher Columbus, visited Chicago he inquired at a telegraph office the charge for a telegram to the city of Columbus of ten words. "Fifteen cents," answered the official, "not including the signature, which is wired free." Whereupon the duke wired: "Mayor, Columbus: Shall visit your city next Monday or Tuesday." And he signed it: "Cristobal Colon de Toledo y Larreategui de la Cerda Ramirez de Baquedano Gante Almirante y Adelantado Mayor de las Judias, Marques de Jamaica, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Grande de Espana, Senator del Reine, Caballero de la insigne orden del Toison d'Oro, Gran Cruz de la Concepcion de Villaviciosa, Gentil Hombre de Camarra del Rey de Espann."

Pretty Decent Husband.

"But you say her marriage to young Highroller turned out better than was expected?"

"Much better. He hadn't spent more than half her money when they separated."—Brooklyn Life.

The Artist's Aim.

Friend—But—er—what's the idea of the work? I don't quite grasp it.

Artist—The idea is to sell it.—Chicago News.

Jealousy.

Nell—He isn't very handsome, but his face lights up well.

Belle—Is he so lantern jawed as all that?—Philadelphia Record.

A SAILOR'S MASCOTS.

Miscellaneous Collection That He Takes From the Shore.

Jack Tar is notorious for improvident and most of our Bluejackets when they get ashore spend their money, be it more or less, with a lavish hand. Shore leave is limited to twenty-four hours, but in that brief time the unrestrained sailor manages to run through about all the cash he carries with him. He plunges into a whirl of dissipation and as oftentimes cheated or robbed of a good share of his ready assets, but a percentage of the latter is also apt to go for anything that happens to strike his almost childish fancy. Mascots are the seafarer's delight, and whatever he may come across which seems to him to have a talismanic property he is bound to buy it if he can; hence when the "pier jumpers," as those on shore leave are technically called, return in well filled barges to the ship and under direction of the master at arms climb up in the deck they are likely to bring with them a miscellaneous collection of goats, dogs, parrots, monkeys, roosters, etc. One sailor on the Kearsarge, either in or out of his senses at the time, went so far as to purchase as a mascot a colored baby from its mother for the sum of 40 cents and came aboard with it in his arms. He was not allowed to retain it, however, and the child was eventually restored to its repentant and hysterical parent.

How many of the mascots may be kept on board lies within the discretion of the captain. A liberal policy is pursued in this matter. But manifestly there is a limit to the number of those that can be accommodated. The surplus is sent ashore without delay. When the returned "pier jumpers" are lined up while the ship's writer calls the roll to discover the laggards, it is one of the most perplexing duties of the officer of the deck to decide what dumb creatures may or may not be added to the vessel's menagerie. If the vessel is on her way homeward from the tropics, she usually carries a large variety of living presents for the home friends of the sailors. But these are only temporary tenants of the hold and would not be permitted to remain on board long.—Leslie's Weekly.

FACTS ABOUT FOLKS.

In estimation of measurement men are more accurate than women.

Moral action in child life is more a matter of imitation than intellect.

Dull children are the most unruly, and unruly children are the dullest.

Sweet is tasted best on the tip of the tongue, sour on the edge and bitter at the base.

Mental images themselves constitute the motive, the springs of action for all we do.

Girls show less interest in material things than boys and admire the aesthetic more.

Those who have endured the most hardship in life are usually the least sensitive to pain.

Blushing comes from shyness and fear, is unnatural and morbid and is greater in women than in men.

Rapid readers do their work better, as well as in less time, and retain more of the substance of what is read than slow readers.

Watch Your Shoulders.

When standing before a looking glass, notice if your shoulders are the same height. Generally the right is higher than the left. The reason for the unevenness lies in the way one sits. You get into a comfortable chair at your desk, and at once you rest your right elbow on the arm of your chair or your desk, thus throwing one shoulder higher than the other. This is especially the case where one writes a great deal. When you notice that one shoulder is higher than the other, the thing to do is to change your way of sitting at your desk. Two simple exercises will be beneficial. The arm of the lower shoulder should be extended upward, the hand grasping a dumbbell. That of the higher shoulder should be lowered and made to support a heavy weight.

Votes and Ayes.

"Why in the name of all the saints," asked the master, "have you come back to Bologna—you, the most accomplished singer in the world?"

"Because," said the pupil—"because—because, dear master, I feel that I don't yet really know how to sing."

"My son," was the reply, "that is what none of us shall ever know on this earth. In the next world there may be more time, for when we are young we have the voice, but not the art, and when we are old we have the art, but not the voice."

Genius and Goodness.

I have had sometimes in mine the gloved and white palm of the upper class and the heavy, black hand of the lower class and have recognized that both are but of men. After all these have passed before me I say that humanity has a synonym equality and that under heaven there is but one thing we ought to bow to, genius, and the only thing before which we ought to kneel, goodness.—Victor Hugo.

He Was Economical.

Blossom—Why did you break with young Holdfaste? I understood he was a very careful, economical young man.

Flossie—No doubt of it. The last time he called on me he brought a bag of candy, sat and munched it all evening and took home with him all that was left.—Baltimore American.

Quite Unlike.

"Why, George, what an enormous pile of letters!" exclaimed the bride of a week. "Billets doux, I suppose."

"No, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch. "They are billies overdue."—Chicago News.

Noncommittal.

"Pardon me, sir, but isn't there another artist in this building?"

"Well, that is a matter of opinion. There is another fellow who paints."

Near Tiverton, Devonshire, England, there is to be seen a blackbird with a white head and a speckled back.

THE "TOUCH" ARTISTIC.

A Delicate Job That the Thief Could Not Resist Doing.

We have cut society into a rich on Lee square. Perpendicular and horizontal lines do not make the only intelligent divisions. The relationship of Raphael with a pickpocket I talked to once is more intimate essentially than it is with some makers of "pictures" and molders of "statuary." The thief had been arrested because, having obtained permission to live in New York provided he did not work there, he was caught stealing a watch.

"Why did you do it?" I asked him.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I simply couldn't help it. I'm no kleptomaniac. It isn't the stealing I like, but the fun of doing a hard job prettily. This is the second turn I've made. The first was like this: I saw a rich, fat man in a crowd, and I noticed that his watch was hung in a new way, hard to break. My fingers itched, not for the watch, but to break it off. I moved up, lifted the watch, walked away with it and then went back and hung the thing on the chain again. This second time something like that. I saw a delicate job, tried it, got the watch, and just then the fellow happened to look for the time. He 'hollered,' and a detective near by pinched me. I don't think I'm what you'd call a natural thief, but I like to work with my fingers, and I like the excitement of stealing."—McClure's.

Frederick the Great.

In the course of some military evolutions Frederick the Great of Prussia, irritated by some mistake of a captain, ran after him with his stick in order to strike him. The captain ran away. The next morning the commanding officer reported to the king that the officer in question, one of the most efficient in the regiment, had sent in his papers. "Tell him to come to me," said the king. The officer, in great perturbation, came. "Good morning, major," he apostrophized the officer, who was speechless with surprise. "I wanted to tell you of your promotion, but you ran so fast I could not catch you up. Good morning."

Another time an officer attempted to get a comrade into bad odor with the king by telling his majesty that he was a drunkard. In a subsequent battle the latter's fitness was conspicuous, whereas his slanderer played a very poor part. When afterward he defiled past the king at the head of his regiment, his majesty called out to him in a voice of thunder. "The sooner you take to drink the better."

The Early Circus.

Leaving out of count the great circuses of Rome and Antioch and coming down to scantling of modern times, the first circus in England was on a footpath known as Hollopoint Hatch, in the Waterloo road, London. There, in 1770, Astley's first performance was given, with the add of a drum, two fifes and one clown. A charge of sixpence was made for the front standing places. There was no building and not even a tent, but merely a ring of ropes and stakes. Primitive as were the arrangements Astley soon attracted good audiences and was able to add to his programme conjuring, transparencies, vaulting and tumbling, with displays of fireworks. In course of time he was able to hire an inclosed ground and erected seats under a substantial roof. He called the place Astley's Amphitheater Riding house.

A Hearty Eater.

In a book on gastronomy appears this anecdote of the gastronomic prowess of a Swiss guard in the employment of the Marechal de Villars: "One day the guard was sent for by the marechal, who had heard of his enormous appetite. 'How many sirloins of beef can you eat?' he tentatively asked. 'Ah, monseigneur, for me I don't require many—five or six at the most.' 'And how many legs of mutton?' 'Legs of mutton? Not many—seven or eight.' 'And fat pullets?' 'Oh, as to pullets, only a few—a dozen.' 'And of pigeons?' 'As to pigeons, monseigneur, not many—forty, perhaps fifty.' 'And larks?' 'Larks, monseigneur? Always.'"

Family Relations.

"Who is that man you were just talking with?"

"That's my brother-in-law."

"He looks enough like you to be your own brother."

"He is my own brother. We are twins."

"Twins? Then why did you say he was your brother-in-law?"

"Because he is. I have three brothers—one in law, one in medicine and one in the army."—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Only One.

An American tourist who called on Robert Burns' widow, Jean Armour, a few years after his death had the audacity to ask her, "Can you show me any relics of the poet?" "Sir," answered the old lady, with majestic dignity, "I am the only relict of Robert Burns!"

Plain Talk.

The Miserly Traveler—Be careful with that trunk, you vagabond! I wouldn't have it fall for 10 shillings.

The Porter—I doubt not, but a shilling in time might save mine.—London Express.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

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Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 29, October Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lucius C. Andrews did, on the 21st day of August, 1902, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Major D. Andrews.

We therefore command you, the said Major D. Andrews, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of Lucius C. Andrews and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lucius C. Andrews, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 5, 1903.

D. H. Jack, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 26, June Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Sadie A. Farnsworth did, on the 25th day of February, 1902, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, E. B. Farnsworth.

We therefore command you, the said E. B. Farnsworth, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Sadie A. Farnsworth and show cause, if any you have, why the said Sadie A. Farnsworth, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 5, 1903.

E. L. Ryan, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 28, October Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mollie Kellinger did, on the 3rd day of June, 1902, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Harry Kellinger.

We therefore command you, the said Harry Kellinger, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Mollie Kellinger and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mollie Kellinger, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 5, 1903.

M. L. Wilds, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 20, October Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary A. Flinchbaugh did, on the 1st day of August, 1902, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles Flinchbaugh.

We therefore command you, the said Charles Flinchbaugh, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Mary E. Flinchbaugh and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Flinchbaugh, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 5, 1903.

Mulkin & Stilson, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 30, October Term, 1902.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nettie A. Fox did, on the 2nd day of September, 1902, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles E. Fox.

We therefore command you, the said Charles E. Fox, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Nettie A. Fox and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nettie A. Fox, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 5, 1903.

C. E. Judd, Libellant's Attorney.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June A. D. 1903:

First and partial account of W. D. Hatch, administrator of the estate of C. C. Hatch, deceased.

First and partial account of Lester H. Simons, administrator of the estate of Benj. Fordonski.

First and partial account of Carrie T. Brennan and Murton J. Gallup, executors of the last will and testament of Henry J. Brennan, deceased.

First and partial account of Murton J. Gallup, executor of the last will and testament of John W. Brennan, deceased.

First and final account of George H. Denfug, administrator of the estate of William A. Green, deceased.

First and final account of David Phillips, administrator of J. H. VanWormer, deceased, by Bey V. Phillips and D. H. Jack, executors of David Phillips, deceased.

First and final account of L. M. Lanphere, executor of the last will and testament of C. L. Hargraves, deceased.

First and final account of S. G. Coffin, administrator of the estate of Frederick H. Donihi, deceased.

First and final account of Isaac Cohn, executor of the last will and testament of Himan Cohn, deceased.

Second and final account of Lester H. Simons, administrator of the estate of Benj. Fordonski, deceased.

First and final account of S. L. Wolfe, D. E. Wolfe and Lucy A. Leech, executors of the last will and testament of J. D. Wolfe, deceased.

First and final account of William H. Duncan, administrator of the estate of Franc H. Duncan, deceased.

Final account of H. L. Chapman, executor of the last will and testament of A. M. Benton, deceased.

First and final account of Ida A. Douglass, administratrix of the estate of A. C. Douglass, deceased.

First and partial account of Joshua Davis and Tryphena Moffitt, executors of the last will and testament of M. W. Moffitt deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., May 2, 1903.

Elwood Gaskin's

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Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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